

FOLIA OPTIMA.

BY

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Mνῆμη τις αεί.

Madras:

J. B. PHAROAH

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—

TO MY MOTHER,
THE FIRST, BEST AND DEAREST
AMONG MY FRIENDS :
THESE POEMS
ARE DEDICATED
BY HER SON
AS A SLIGHT TOKEN
IS AFFECTION AND RESP.

A M I C I S.

THE Poems comprised in this Volume were written in very different times, places, and moods of temper : nor although the pleasing labours of composition have afforded me much gratification, should I have selected from a mass of papers these ‘**FOLIA OPIMA**’ and thrown them together in their present shape, had not the circumstance of my being suddenly called away from a truly loved home made me desirous of giving to the little world of my friends at large a token by which they might remember me during the hours of my absence.

To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the poet, but the friend sincere.

Poems, such as this volume contains—“*σύριγγος ὡς πνόια λεπτῶν δόνακος*”—of a slight ephemeral character are perhaps not deserving of much praise on the score either of fancy in their conception, or labour in their performance : and yet they have ever appeared to me to possess a beauty peculiarly their own, which

like that of miniatures consists not less in polish than in truth. This also may be justly urged in their favour, that as they are for the most part suggested by some *peculiar* idea or event, they serve to exhibit the different shades of thought and feeling which the mind has undergone in its transition from youth to manhood, from manhood to maturity : and at the same time they readily recall in all their original force and reality scenes and thoughts which at the moment of their presence touched us with their pathos or their beauty, their melancholy or their mirth ; but which, from their **very** minuteness, are so evanescent that they would otherwise have escaped and never again occur to the recollection.

Of this I am sure. The practice of thus registering events as they pass, and the lights and shadows of thought and feeling as they sweep by is fraught with good. It opens the heart, and keeps it open : it expands the understanding, polishes the manners, gives us an ever increasing relish for the beauties of art and nature, cultivates the taste, endows us with a keen perception and admiration of all that is ennobling and excellent in morals, teaches us to love our fellows, and to honour our God.

These few brief chronicles then of a life pleasantly, but hitherto not perhaps very usefully spent I give

my friends in England with this double purpose, that as they sometimes cast their eyes upon the volume, they may have a kindly memory of its Author; and that its /erusul may lead them to the conviction that under an exterior of carelessness I have never entirely neglected my opportunities of acquiring knowledge, or lost the habits of observation and proper feeling.

To the respective poems I have attached their dates; not from any affectation, but rather as an index to the circumstances which gave them birth, and to avoid the charge of plagiarism I have freely quoted parallel passages, not doubting but that many more may be added—but of those which have occurred to me, the majority I have met with in my reading subsequent to composition: in very few instances indeed have I held them up as an example for imitation.

MOWBRAY GARDENS, *Madras*, Aug. 23, 1843.

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ERRATA.

Page	49	<i>for</i> wrung	<i>read</i> rung.
"	61	<i>for</i> Slantripant	<i>read</i> Llantrissant.
"	92	line 16, <i>for</i> years	<i>read</i> miles.
"	115	verse 3, line 2, <i>for</i> creed	<i>read</i> cried.
"	139	verse 2, line 2, <i>for</i> ever is	<i>read</i> is alway.
"	142	verse 1, line 1, <i>for</i> who I sought	<i>read</i> who [when I sought.]
"	144	verse 3, line 4, <i>for</i> land	<i>read</i> band.
"	149	verse 5, line 1, <i>for</i> silkin	<i>read</i> silken.
"	150	verse 4, line 1, <i>for</i> thought	<i>read</i> taught.
"	153	verse 3, line 1, <i>for</i> thine	<i>read</i> its.
"	154	verse 4, line 3, <i>for</i> gaities	<i>read</i> gaieties.
"	177	verse 3, line 8, <i>for</i> show	<i>read</i> know.

DEDICATION.

The little bird, e'en in its earliest flight,
Warn'd by some inward monitor avoids
The shining berry, fair in form and hue,
Whose juice is laden with the dews of death.
Thus Nature, ever wise and kind, has arm'd
Creatures, else helpless, 'gainst their specious foes.
But in the human breast instinctive guard
She planted none against the shows of vice
Seductive, and false pleasure's fair out-side.
This with a double purpose has she plann'd;
That the fond mother hanging o'er her child
Might have the joyful task, the *mother's* task,
No less by bright example than by words
Of love and wisdom and reproof to train
The lisping little one to virtuous ways :
And that the child thankful in after years
For obligation not to be repaid,
Might with another tie strong as the bond
Of natural affection cling to her.
To thee, my Mother, ever dear and lov'd,
But most in absence lov'd, to whom I owe
Whate'er of good and holy, kind and wise,
My weak and chequered character may boast,
To thee, be dedicate these varied strains

DEDICATION.

Which to beguile the long and lonely hours
That kept him from thee thy sad Son pour'd forth
And if in them be found just thought and view,
Moral reflexion, evidence, or glimpse
Of the true bard's high calling—"to refine
Life's springs, the nobler passions of the soul"—*
Be thine, 'tis justly due, the crown of praise

Cambell

INDIAN OCLAN, *January 3, 1813*

AN EXCUSE FOR WRITING POETRY.

"I will give thanks unto thee ; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made." Psalm 139.

Yes ! fearful, wonderful indeed our make
When o'er the mind unbent from toil for years,
Which grief scarce moves, nor worldly pleasures wake,
Subtle, yet strong emotions sweep and shake
Oft times the soul to tears !

Not only scenes, where various objects fill
The heart with memories of forgotten things,
The old wych elm beneath the shaded hill,
The well lov'd home, the fields, the grove, the rill,
Unlock these secret springs:

Not only pictures where once more we trace
Features familiar to our earliest day,
Bound in our heart of hearts, a parent's face
Whose dust was mingled with the bye gone race
When we were far away:

Not only the dim bell of some lone flower
Weigh'd down with dew, or shut by evening close
Calling up visions of the long past hour—
These, though the soul starts at their magic power,
Are palpable and gross.

But finer essences than these, a word—
A most impalpable and fleeting scent—
A single tone of music faintly heard,
Aye, even unto tears have oft times stirr'd
The heart through which they went.

But without sound and finer still, a thought
Floating like clouds, shadowy and undefin'd,
From time-worn books by recollection brought,
Or born of loneliness, is full and fraught
With motion for the mind.

Such, though they vanish as they come, ring clear
Through all imagination's tuneful cells,
As stricken harp-chords vibrate on the ear
After their tone is hush'd—these come to rear
With strong yet silent spells

Affections, memories, hopes and fears—they bring
An ever-lengthening troop like mingling dreams:
And opening wide her secret fountains, fling
From sympathy's unfathomable spring,
Around us tearful streams.

These, swift as light from Heav'n, once waken'd, dart
Continuous, still, countless, through the mind—
Like Autumn shadows o'er the hills, they start
To chase away each other—so depart,
Leaving no trace behind.

Of many-colour'd meshes webs more thin
A thousand times than those fine filmy threads
Which float i' the air on Summer morns, they spin,
And compass all created matter in—
Then burst themselves to shreds.

Through rolling stars upon their paths they peer,
Hold commune with their habitants, and bring
Over the entranced soul and ravish'd ear
In tones of melody from each far sphere
The voice with which they sing.

Bright spirits from the Ocean depths they call ;
From groves and welling fountains, earth, and air—
Fairies they summon from their mystic hall—
Fair as the day-spring—uncreated all—
Fleeting, unreal as fair !

By meditation's wizard touch unseal'd
Such are the fancies that around us throng—
The heart, believe me, so it be not steel'd,
To which such bright creations are reveal'd
Must pour itself in song !

LLANTRISSANT, Sept. 1839.

STAR S.

Why all night long shine these,
Wherefore if none behold ? *Milton.*

"The heavens declare the Glory of God, and the firmament
Showeth his handy work." *Psalm 19.*

Whether those stars that twinkling lustie send
Aie suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare—
Yet all his systems but conjectures are. *Gay.*

The lilies of the field !
They do not spin their dewy-spangled vest ;
Yet kings in regal robes of glory drest
To these pale flowers must yield !

The myriad stars of night !
All that the brightest pencil ever drew
They far excel ; all that ere Fancy knew,
With one faint touch of light.

Ye sparkling globes on high,
Beauty is yours, and multitude, and space,
Motion and silence, majesty and grace,
And still sublimity.

Say, did Creation's Sire
First hang ye in the firmamental arch
To light this favour'd world upon its march,
Bright lamps of quenchless fire ?

S T A R S.

Nor only guide, but give,
Lest mortals should forget in some dark hour,
Glad signal nightly that celestial Power
Watches o'er all who live ?

Thrones are ye where the throng
Of white-rob'd angels sits in countless bands,
With crowns of amaranth and palmy wands,
Joining concentuous song ?

Or like an armed guard
Plac'd in the van of Heavn's embattled steep
Against the fallen angels, without sleep
Keep ye high watch and ward ?

Are ye those happy isles
Floating mid seas of light in luminous foam—
The "many mansions" of our Father's home,
Fair and majestic piles ?

Or worlds like this, with glen,
Rock, streamlet, river, ocean : herb and tree ;
Green spot, and deserts wild immensity,
And peopled oer with men ?

Are they too born in tears,
Children of sin and sorrow, heirs of death,
Subjects of love and hate ; from their first breath
Creatures of hopes and fears ?

Have they their poor and great—
Degree and station, different faiths and creeds,
And history, a roll of bloody deeds ;
Empires and kingly state ?

Has Art for them unbound
With wondrous rod Imagination's soil,

Has patience' sister smil'd upon their toil,
Science, with ivy crown'd ?

Hath it burst forth—the tongue
Of god-like eloquence—does music float
Upon their dewy eve with dying note*—
Have bards enraptured sung ?

But cease : for trebly vain
The longing to pierce through the veil that hides
The secrecy of even the star that rides
Least in the heavenly train.

Yet man would willingly
In the small circle of his reasoning
Confine and trammeled each mysterious thing
Seal'd to weak human eye.

Oh ! false and fatal pride
Which builds up altar-stones to intellect,
The victim, faith—ye lean, vain-glorious sect,
On broken reed, blind guide.

Half the fair things that be
Must by such creed lie crush'd, like flowers by storms ;
Beauty in its most cheap and trivial forms
Is link'd with mystery.

If from his prison bars
Some sceptic in the dungeon cells of doubt
Sighs to be free, henceforth let him look out,
And *think* upon the stars.

TEMPLE OF KARNAC, THEBES, 1841.

* That strain again—it had a dying fall.

Twelfth Night.

Hark ! how it floats upon the dewy air

Oh ! what a dying, dying close was there.

Progress of Error.

FLOWERS.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind
Who daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find.
Of your calm loveliness.

Christian Year.

Ω φιλτατε γη μητερ, ὡς σεμνον σφοδρ' εἰ
Τοῖς νοῦν ἐχοῦσι κτῆμα

With holy awe I pull the opening flower,
The hand of God hath made it, and where'er
The flowret blooms, there God is present also.

Lady F. Hastings.

To every form of being is assigned
An *active* principle.

Wordsworth.

—— φρήν οἵρη κάτι ἀθέσφατος ἐπλεπτο μοῦνον
φρόντισι κόσμου ἀπαντα κατάσσονσα θοῆσι

Plotinus ap. Ammonius.

I heard a voice complain,
And not in levity, that flowers appear
Without an object in their *being* here,
Bare links of nature's chain.

And can it then be true
 That beauty such as their's was given to shine
 If not by chance, at least without design,
 Scope, aim, and end, and view?

Were all their thousand dyes
 Sprinkled in vain—their rain-bow colours bright—
 Their tints and shades, their gleams of dewy light,
 Faint streaks and speckled eyes?

Their forms of fairy mould—
 Chalice and bell—their delicate perfume—
 Their buds like wax or foam—their velvet bloom—
 Their petals of pure gold?

Oh! no there's not a thing
 E'en of most abject fashion from the stone
 Up to the angel on his sapphire throne,
 But like a well-tun'd string

Yields the just note design'd
 By Him who hears the music in the sky,
 And deign'd to bid celestial harmony
 Run through created kind.*

May it not be his plan
 That flowers first sprung spontaneous from the soil
 To ease and soothe, when wearied out with toil,
 The leisure mind of man:

* From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran
 The diapason closing full in man.
Dryden.

Not only sense, but soul—
 With tri-une attributes, hue, shape, and scent,
 Three soft attractions mystically blent
 In the same perfect whole?

Or if man have no *need*
 Of forms and images in beauty drest,
 But like his frame his intellect want rest
 Alone from labour freed,

How should we love the Power
 That for our *pleasure* raised the enamell'd band—
 For never man, but with *some* pleasure scann'd
 Fresh blossom and full flower—

And shall we sit us down
 With this content?—was there no loftier aim
 With which to earth these bright eyed strangers came,
 Unto her brows a crown?

Yes! 'twas that man might see
 Beside his daily path, mirror'd in grace,
 And, as it were, reflected from their face,
 The present Deity.

Who gave the haughty rose
 Its crimson blush—who paled the lily's cheek—
 Painted carnation o'er with varied streak,
 Sad hyacinth with woes?*

* For the classic story of Hyacinthus see Ovid Met. 10-185.
 Ipse suos gemitus folis inscribit, et ai, ai,
 Flos habet inscriptum.

“ Like to that sanguin'd flower inscribed with woe.”

Lycidas.

λαληθρον ἐν ὑμνοπολοις ὑακινθον

Meleager.

Who steep'd in odorous dew
 Dark violets—bade honey suckle twine—
 Gave daffodil in golden gaib to shine—
 Iris her robe of blue ?

* Whence did the night-stock learn
 To shed her scents only when day is done—
 The gaudy flower that ever loves the sun
 Still to its orb to turn ?

'Twas the same love to save
 By which the sole-begotten Son was plac'd
 On earth, after long suffering to taste
 Death, and o'ercome the grave.

And upon every seed,
 Each leaf, bud, blossom, speck, and streak, and stain
 'Tis mark'd in characters so deep and plain
 That he who runs may read.

For with no other guide
 Than reason for our weak and wandering feet
 From the bare path we might perchance retreat,
 Our faith too much be tried.

But since with flowers are gemm'd
 The road-side hedge, the garden and the field,
 If full belief our hard hearts will not yield,
 By these are we condemn'd.

AT SEA. April 29, 1842.

* Many flowers have this peculiarity. So the Dama della noce, a beautiful Spanish shrub, and the night blowing cereus.

This and the foregoing poem were written as counterparts to each other and at first sight they may appear to be on precisely the same subject. Both regard natural objects with a view to the revelation of the Deity, or rather contemplate God through natural objects; but the one addresses itself to the *Skeptic* the other to the simply careless. The one goes to the folly of man in not believing what is mysterious; or in other words, inculcates the necessity of Faith:—the other brings prominently forward the Providence of the Creator even in his minutest works, and the condemnation which awaits wilful unbelief.

POOR MEN'S DREAMS.

"Blessings on him who first invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and lastly the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise."

Don Quixote.

Ye know not what ye do
That call the slumberer back
From the world unseen by you
Unto life's dim faded track.

Hemans.

Dreams are the happiest part of poor men's lives—
For when sleep falls upon their weary lids,
Like the still dew which night descending pours
Into the slumbering flower-bells, all their cares
The hopeless wants, the cheerless toils of day,
The fears, the longings, and the lowering mass
Of deep anxieties dispers'd roll off,
As tempest-clouds before the genial sun.
Then for a while stern Penury herself
Loos'ning her gripe, shakes forth her iron reins,
And swift, Imagination's painted car
Drawn by the rapid-footed steeds of Thought,
Fancy, the charioteer, is whirl'd along
Into the regions of far fairy-land.

Then he, whose nightly meal, a scanty crust,
Was wash'd with water from the neighbouring spring,
Whom thatch and rags scarce shelter'd from the blast,
Straightway becomes a monarch : Lo ! he sits
Within his palace on an ivory throne,
Sceptre in hand, and golden crown on head,
His robes, imperial purple. Through the doors
To all flung open flows the subject throng,
To whom, each in his turn doffing their caps
And bending low the knee, he doth dispense
Equal and ready justice by his nod :
And—for 'tis ever thus that poor men say,
And fancy they would act (oh ! heart of man)
Should happier fortune gild their future path—
He pours his treasures with unsparing hand,
Making want smile, and shivering beggars sing.

Or he is stretch'd upon a moss-grown bank
Watching the fairies trace their moon-lit rings—
Thousands of pigmy forms upon the green,
Clad in transparent robes of wavy light,
Whirl round the dance with ever ceaseless song,
To strains of wild unearthly music tun'd ;—
Strains, such as the enamour'd wind harp sighs,
When youthful zephyr steals upon her rest,
And fans her bosom with his purple wings.

Some weave thin chains of gossamer in air,
Floating themselves, and chaunting elfin spells :
Some hang like May flies o'er the near cascade,
Laving their gauze-like pinions in the spray,

A silver cloud that veils the naked stream,
Yet scarcely, from the chaste eyes of the moon.
Some quaff the sparkling dew from hollow cups
Of beryl turn'd, or amethystine hue :
Others hang clustering like new-swarming bees
From the long branches of the fragrant lime :
Under the shade of folded flowers they lie,
On rose-leaf couch supine—A warrior band
Guards every avenue on gnats and moths
And butterflies caparison'd for war :
Their bridles, spider's web : their glittering spears
Of pointed moon-beams—helmets brightly set
With tiny stars, and plumes, and scarf; of down
Blown from autumnal thistles by the breeze :
Their bucklers diamond, their spears of gold !
A countless host, all radiant as the moats
Of noon-day sun, upon their king and queen
Attendant obsequious round their jewell'd thrones,
In crystal halls arch'd o'er with orient pearl,
And length'ning aisles from the streak'd agate cut,
Where, hung on jasper pillars, mystic flames
(Such as the wayfarer be-lated sees
Flitting by night o'er marshy moors) close pent
In sapphire prisons, cast pale violet hues
O'er floors with saffron-colour'd topaz set ;
Till when the first faint streak hath pal'd the skies,
With whoop—and halloo, and the rush of wings
The pageant fades into the grey of morn.

Sometimes he mingles with the mazy dance,
Through lofty rooms where costliest perfume
And shrubs of rare exotic growth cast round
A delicate taint upon the loaded air.
There amid orange-bloom and arbutus,
Roses and flowers of every scent and hue,
Lamps hang dispos'd, amid the leaves scarce seen,
Which by some curious art subdued shoot forth
O'er the cool marble pavement, tessellate,
Rays without glare of amber-colour'd light—
Strains of voluptuous music faintly fall,
Like fountains dropping distant, on his ear ;
While in rich carpets of the gaudy East,
Stain'd with the Syrian and the crocus dye,
That blush and spring disdainful from the tread,
His foot sinks deeply down, luxurious :
Now glides o'er glassy boards whose polish'd gloss
Lends swiftness to the twinkling feet that fly
In circles o'er it. With the joyous train,
Himself as joyous, to the banquet halls,
Where mirrors catch the dazzling light, reflect,
And multiplying, beautify the scene,
Onward he sweeps where gold and dainties deck
Almost in equal shares the festive board :
And amid youth and beauty, laugh and jest,
Rich dresses, cheeks that glow and sparkling eyes,
Quaffs brimming goblets crown'd with ruby wine.

Lo ! the scene changes. Now a belted knight
Glittering in arms of fluted steel, the grooves

Thick sown with flowery gold, and nodding plume,
Emblazoned buckler, clattering glove and heel,
Graceful he reins his charger round the lists,
By gorgeous heralds, knights discomfited
Mid waving kerchiefs, smiles and shouts and cheers,
Till with a bound his mighty war-horse stands,
Still as the statue in the Arabian tale,
Or those stone warriors whom the sainted George,
Champion of England, woke for his compeers !
His lance-point lowering to the ground, he bows
Low o'er the saddle's pointed bow his head
And locks close-clustering, which the envious casque
Conceals no longer from the wooing wind.
Meanwhile the tell-tale blush swift mantling o'er
His toil-brown'd cheek and forehead, speaks his love,
While from the Queen of beauty's trembling hand,
Steut knight, he gains the garland, and is crown'd,
Exulting, victor of the tournament !

Now his brave barque is bounding o'er the sea ;
High heav'n above, the rushing wave below,
Her stiff masts groaning, all her cordage strain'd,
And her white canvas, bellying in the wind.
Swift as a bird of ocean (when the Sun
Flogs downward his o'er driven steeds to cool
His glowing wheels beneath the western wave)
Points her flight homeward to her clift-hid nest,
He steers his vessel toward the sea-girt land,
His island home, unseen for many years.

Sudden his barque starts up a stately ship
Pierc'd through, and bristling round with brazen guns :
Then whilst the crew by turns keeps faithful watch,
He paces the tall deck, an admiral :
And glass in hand sweeps all the horizon's verge,
Marks the rich convoy crowding close around,
Fearful of danger where no danger is—
Like white-winged doves, who cower when high in air,
The mimic falcon, boyhood's harmless sport,
Floats on broad wings, and seares the feathery tribe—
Now he is bending o'er the glass-like wave,
Now looks out on the myriad stars that stud
With golden spangles the dun skirts of night !

Once more—one of those charms of magic sleep—
Long painful years have backward roll'd their course
And he is seated on the village green,
Tasteless of care, a little fair-hair'd child,
(Close by his father's homely cot, bound o'er
With clematis and wood-bine's tangled sweets)
Beneath the branches of a spreading oak ;
Such as when Mona, sacred Mona knew
The sway of Druids, skill'd alike in laws
And oracles, and medicinal herbs,
Had grown the noblest, holiest in her woods !
Thoughtless he sits within the chequer'd shade,
Under the rustling leaves, nor distant far
Babbles the streamlet o'er its lustrous stones,

Like a fierce braggart, brawling as it runs ;
Here hidden by dark alders, peeping there
Between its smooth enamell'd banks to win
The sun's hot glances to its silver breast.
Lo ! from the school broke loose an urchin band,
His fellows in that sinless prime ! They rush
Far unrestrain'd, and spread o'er all the green
With wild halloo and gambol : pensive, some
Seek the deep shade or muse beside the brook ;
How few ! for sun and sport and daisied mead
Inlaid with cowslips claim the rout their own.

But hush ! what spell is on the sleeper now ?
Some well-known voice whose tones have long been hush'd,
Nor lov'd half-well enough till miss'd, falls sad
As an old strain of music on his ear—
One of those strains we hear when we are young,
And never more ! what if he starts, and wakes ?

First conscious breath he draws in sighs to find
The vision *but* a vision—faded—frown—
Back through sleep's ivory portals—Yes ! 'tis true—
Dreams are the happiest part of poor men's lives !

To * * * *

The night-stock woos the gentle hour of eve
And wafts her scents to greet the bird of song
Who then most loves amid green bowers to grieve,
And midnight is belov'd by elfin throng.

2

The modest violet loves the thicket's shade,
Where gossamers by fairy hands are spun :
The dew-drop loves the green-grass waving blade ;
The blushing red-rose woos the amorous sun !

3

The swallow loves the summer's sultry hour,
The wizard Cuckoo burns for early spring,
The wandering bee hangs o'er each love-sick flower,
And bears its sweets away on weary wing.

4

The willow weeps its favorite stream beside,
The wind-harp answers each young zephyr's call ;
The dove sits pining where its fellow died,
The may-fly hovers o'er the water fall.

5

The sturdy elm supports the clustering vine,
The nut brown hazel kisses blooming May ;
Round the firm oak the ivy loves to twine,
The opening flowrets sigh for early day.

6

Yes ! the whole universe is rosy love—
 'Twas born in heav'n, and flung o'er earth and sea :
 And since all things are so, below, above,
 Why wonder, fairest, at my love for Thee ?

7

But the bee roves, the flowers and blossoms fade,—
 The swallows flit, the circling hours will change,
 The cuckoo's note is hush'd, the rose in shade,
 And thus perchance my love from thee may range.

8

Yes ! when the rivers backward seek their source :
 When the swift tides shall cease to ebb and flow :
 When the calm ocean knows no more the force
 Of storms, and wintry winds shall never blow.

9

Yes ! when the stars in heaven no longer shine,
 When quivering aspens shall forget to play,
 When silver poplars shall bud forth the vine,
 And barren fig-trees blush with blooming May.

10

Yes ! when the daisy roots it in the brook,
 And the pale water-lily seeks the woods :
 When the meek cuishat dove, her groves foresook,
 Shall build her nest in safety on the floods.

Yes! when the Nautilus forgets to sail
 A tiny mariner across the sea,
 And rows his paper barque o'er hill and dale,
 My love perchance *may* tear itself from Thee.

LINE, Feb. 1835.

[Linking together impossibilities has been a favourite trick of the poets from the earliest times]

νῦν ἵα μὲν φορέοιτε βάτοι φορέοιτε δ' ἄκανθοι,
ἀ δέ καλὰ νύρκισσος ἐπ' ἄρκείθοισι κομίσσαι
παντα δ' ἐναλλα γένοιντο, καὶ ἀ πίτυς ὅχνας ἐν' εἴκαται

exclaims Theocritus on the death, of Daphnis. Ovid too with his usual happiness,

In caput alta suum labuntur ab æquore retro
 Flumina, conversis solque recurret equis,
 Terra feret stellas, et lumen findetur aratio,
 Unda dabit flammulas, et dabit ignis aquas.

But not to multiply instances, I believe there is scarcely a poet from whom similar examples might not be drawn. It is in the same spirit which prompted this poem that Anacreon argues in favour of drinking

'Η γῆ μέλαινα πίνει,
 πίνει δὲ δένειρες ἀντὴν,
 πίνει θάλασσα δ' ἄνυπα,
 Ο δὲ ήλιος θάλασσαν,
 Τὸν δὲ ήλιον σελήνη
 Τὶ μοι μάχισθ' ἔταίροι,
 Κ' αὐτῷ θέλοντι πίνειν ;

* The latter portion of the poem is on an equally classical model—
 Cf. The epitaph of Cleobulus on Midas commencing

καλκέη παρθένος είμι
 And Virgil—
 In frena dum fluvii currunt dum montibus umbrae &c

*ON BEING TOLD THAT FRIENDSHIPS
FORMED IN EARLY YOUTH DECAY
IN AGE.*

Friendship in each successive stage of life
As we approach him vanes to the view. *Landor*

They tell me that boyhood will quickly be gone
My friendships too all pass away :
Though bright as the summer sun rising at dawn
Like him they will die with the day.

But never, ah ! never my heart shall believe
So cruel a system as this—
Must I ne'er cease in manhood one moment to grieve
Because my whole boyhood was bliss ?

There are springs mid the sands of the desert, tho' few
When the waters stream fresh from the sand ;
And the wilderness boasts of a spot where the dew
Falls light on a flowery band.

What tho' Hecla be crown'd on his summit with snow,
And the ice never melts on his brow,
A flame still burns bright in his bosom below,
Which shall ever burn brightly as now.

There surely some breasts which yet cherish the flame
 Of friendship in age may be found—
There are hearts, be they few, which continue the same
 Mid the many still changing around.

Age may pass o'er my forehead, and blast like a storm
 Each flesh-budding hope and each joy,
But it shall not, it cannot, ere banish the form
 Of the friend whom I lov'd as a boy.

SLEAFORD VICARAGE, Oct. 1, 1835.

ON VISITING LUGGIE LAUGH.

[Luggie Laugh, the hunting seat of the La Touches, is situated in an unfrequented part of the county of Wicklow. The house is placed in a small deep valley, entirely hemmed in by lofty rocks, the lawn, divided by several little running streams is, perhaps on that very account, of a most vivid green and close to the house is the Luggie or Lake, from which the place derives its name. At the time I visited it, it was tenantless, the old proprietor being dead, and the younger members of the family having all separated to push their fortunes in the world. A solitary servant, one of the handsomest and finest men I ever saw was left, a sort of Alexander Selkirk, "the monarch of all he surveyed." — His grizzled beard descended half way down his breast, and his long grey locks escaping from underneath his tall grey woollen cap fell over his shoulders as he stepped along with a lightness and elasticity seldom met with even in youth. He expressed the warmest love of the country and its spoils and the most thorough contempt for cities and their inhabitants. Many a tale he told of hound and hawk pointing out where a large fish or an eagle had been killed, and stepping the distance where yesternight before one of his young masters had brought down a cock. Poor Charley Day, there are not many like thee, and it may be that even these poor stragglers shall serve to keep from utter oblivion the name of as free and simple a spirit as ever followed the gentle craft of venery.]

ορῶ γὰρ ἡ μᾶς ὀντίν ὄντας ἀλλό πλὴν
εἴδωλ' ὅσοιπερ ζῷμεν ἡ κουφῆν σκίαν

Sophocles.

There is a joyous murmur in the rills :

The lake is bright, the lawn looks glassy green :
And yet a melancholy sadness fills
My soul while gazing on this peaceful scene !
Say, is it not that all these charms appear

Rest of the race for whom they seem'd to glow ;
The race whose earliest youth had frolicked here,
Before their bud of joy was nipt by woe.
They all are gone, yet every summer sees
Fresh blossoms hanging on the same green trees !

II.

Yes ! 'tis indeed a spot with stilly charm
To wake up music in the Poet's breast :
To win the troubled spirit back from harm,
And soothe the worldly sufferer's deep unrest.
Here calm Philosophy may scan the page
Of ancient fiction or of classic lore,
Recall each scene of every bye-gone age,
And practise morals which she taught before ;
Whilst many a magic vision well might rise
At Fancy's touch unbidden to the eyes.

III.

Here oft at eve upon the dewy lawn,
The fairies throng from flowery banks and dells,
Dancing in mazy rings until the dawn,
To the soft music of sweet silver bells ;
Whose magic tones the live-long night awake
Each rock and cavern in this sylvan scene,
Whilst wanton echo floats above the lake,
A glassy mirror set in velvet green,
Where the gay Moon looks down from Heav'n to view
Her image trembling in her own bright hue.

IV.

There *have been* other tones ; the joyous song,
 The laugh of boyhood, the soft voice of maids ;
 And other feet have tripp'd these swards along,
 And other forms have wander'd thro' these glades.
 These cavern'd crags have heard the wild halloo
 Of eager sportsman at the break of day,
 And oft his fly the gentle angler threw
 From the smooth margin of the inmost bay,
 Where long success had taught him best to gain
 The trout, fleck'd o'er with many a crimson stain.

V.

These trees have heard the tale of gentle love,
 In early spring, and given a grateful shade
 In one green fret-work canopy above,
 Where the once hospitable board was laid.
 Oft too at sultry noon with dripping oars
 The buoyant skiff would dance across the lake,
 And as it farther left the smiling shores
 A line of light still glitter in its wake,
 To fade how quickly ! 'twas an emblem true
 Of worldly joys, as bright, as transient too !

VI.

Now all these varied sounds of life are still ;
 Hush'd is the song, the hunter's merry blast ;
 The lazy echo sleeps upon the hill,
 The hours of rural mirth and joy are past.
 The forms that wonder'd here are seen no more ;

Some have already spun their thread of life :
 The rest have quitted Thee, sweet Luggie Laugh,
 Unwisely, for the world its cares and strife ;
 And thou art left, girt in thy rocky zone
 In all thy former beauty, but alone !

VII.

But one of all that happy throng remains,
 One well tried servant of the byegone race—
 Too well he loved the country's open plains,
 Too well the rustic life, and stirring chase
 To quit the home his earliest boyhood knew
 For courtly halls, or traffic's busy voice ;
 ‘The worn out tree should fall where erst it grew’
 Such was his creed, and, well he made his choice
 For sparing time has left him where he rang'd
 From youth, save in his silver locks, unchang'd.

VIII.

And so he linger'd still about the spot
 A solitary man with many a tale
 Or thrice-told legend of each nook and grot,
 Skill'd in each art alike of oar and sail.
 Full well he knew to climb the steepest crag,
 Or with strange stories cheat the tedious way.
 How fell the eagle, where the antler'd stag
 By the fierce dogs was proudly brought to bay :
 And the full tear stood quivering in his eye
 When he re-called the happy days gone bye.

IX.

Those days are gone, and with them all the throng
That trod this valley save this one old man :
Let but a few short years have passed along
He too shall fill the measure of his span.
Then *all* are tenants of the silent tomb,
And not a mark shall tell where they have been ;
The rocks shall frown the same, the flowers shall bloom,
The lake flow brightly and the lawn look green.
What a sad lesson for the heart is found
In all the unchanging loveliness around !

LITTLE STANMORE, *May 4 1837.*

THE WISH.

Hoc erat in votis : modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvae super his foret, auctius atque
Di melius fecere—Bene est ; nihil amplius oro.

Horace.

Ilic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita.

Virgil.

Mine be a cot beside a running stream
Whose source perpetual through each season flows
A garden stock'd with flowers, where lilies seem
To vie in beauty with the blushing rose.

II

A vine-clad porch, in which from showers secure
My rustic implements of toil to mend :
Enough to spare the wanderer, and the poor
Their weekly dole, and cheer a coming friend,

III

A little shelf of well selected books,
The sweet companions of my leisure day—
A faithful dog taught to obey my looks
Whether I bid him hunt or crouch or play.

IV.

Mine be a mind unskill'd in worldly ways,
 With healthful exercise a body strong :
 Virtuous deeds not wrought from love of praise,
 And last not least mine be the gush of song.

V

I ask not honours, the command of laws,—
 A pompous train with costly hawk and hound—
 Cups wrought with gold, or fame, the brief applause
 Of fickle multitudes, an empty sound.

VI.

Wealth brings not happiness ! *Let others boast
 The price at which their vast estates were bought ;
 I know that perils *such* surround the most,
 Tho' not, thank God, by sad experience taught.

VII.

To them I leave the struggles of the soul—
 Let me but prune my vine, and graft my trees,
 Mark the still varying seasons as they roll ;
 Work my own garden, watch my busy bees.

VIII.

Hear the stream whisper to its pendant banks,
 My equal time with books and labours share,
 Assist the poor, yet learn to shun the thanks
 For what I know they want, and I can spare.

* οὐδὲ μοι τὰ Τύγεω τῶν πολυχρύσου μέλει

IX.

Let but sweet sleep, and undisturbed by fears
Close nightly after prayer the well spent day,
Then shall my valley be no vale of tears,
But a spot sun lit by a pure mind's ray.

X

And ah ! if she whom my fond spirit woos
By lawn and woodland, by fresh stream and grot,
Would share these joys, an ever present Muse,
What king could boast so doubly blest a lot ?

‘ Peisarum vi gui rege beatior ’

Horace

*A YOUTH ONCE STRAYD O'ER SHINING
SANDS.*

The busy race examine and explore
Each creek and caving of the dangerous shore,
With care collect what in their eyes excels,
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells.

Cowper.

A youth once stray'd o'er shining sands,
His heart was light as heart could be ;
Castles he rais'd with childish hands,
A spoil for the first coming sea.

He toil'd, if toil it were, among
Dark rocks around, nor were they few ;
But sea-weed o'er in tresses hung
Conceal'd their jagged points from view.

Thoughtless he gather'd polish'd stones,
Pebbles worn smooth, and speckled shells ;
When unperceiv'd, with sullen moans,
Sudden the Ocean round him swells.

Awhile he stands confus'd with fear :
But on the waters closer flow :
And as each billow breaks more near
The fickle sands still moister grow.

In vain he rolls his anxious eyes ;
 The facile slope where first he went
 Has vanish'd, but at length he spies,
 One hard retreat, a steep  ascent.

Forward he runs with headlong speed,
 Nor, in the deep sand plunging, stops,
 * Though the false rocks his steps impede
 With weedy sides, and ragged tops.

Yet swift he flies in hopes to clasp
 The only chance of safety left,
 And scarce his un-used hands can grasp
 The chinks by former strugglers reft.

Fear up the base and fell Despair
 At first his fainting footsteps urge ;
 Nor looks he down, for one slip there
 Would plunge him in the boiling surge.

Now safer, and with wider room
 The path each step becomes less steep,
 Till flowers around begin to bloom,
 And calm he looks upon the deep.

This simple tale a moral tells—
 Stoop not to pick with idle hands
 The worthless stones and hollow shells
 That shine on Folly's faithless sands

* Laterique mitis a refunditur alga.

Mark well the advancing waves, and mind
The rocks with slippery weeds o'er cast :
There are but very few who find
The backward path in time at last.

Or rather—never let your feet
On that deceitful journey go :
But wise, from Virtue's lofty seat
Look on Temptation's gulf below.

LITTLE STANMORE, *May 1, 1840.*

A LEGEND OF LUCIE HALL.

PART 1ST.

What shall he have who slew the deer ?

His leathern hide and his horns to wear.

Shakespear.

A noble hall with its turreted wall
Was the Baron of Lucie's home ;
With a wide domain of hill and plain
Where the wild stag loved to roam.

"Twas a lordly place that Baron's Chase,
As ever eye might see :
But the fairest spot was where the spring shot
From the roots of the hawthorn tree.

Far from the wood alone it stood
Nor other shrub was near,
But the trickling till for ever still
Flowed out from it fresh and clear.

Like molten glass the stream would pass
From under the sheltering bough :
Yet the village maid shrank back afraid
Though the wave flow'd calm as now :

For old men said that the forms of the dead
Along the brink would glance
When the moon-light fell in the haunted well,
And the fairies come there to dance.

I know not in sooth if they spoke the truth,
But beasts of the field, 'twas sung,
And the birds of the air who drank but there
Might speak with the human tongue.

'Twas there one day a dying stag lay,
(And near him a panting hound)
His dappled side was full in the tide
Where he fell with his latest bound.

The Baron and femme, a courtly dame,
And guest and page were near :
And the green hills round gave back the sound
Of the hunter's merry cheer.

The foamy fleck on the courser's neck,
His wild and starting eye,
His mane all dank, and his heaving flank
Told the hard chase gone by :

Of the steep hill prest without a rest,
The stream over which he flew,
How his feet did spurn the trampled fern
That in the far vallies grew.

On the deer's breast knelt a verger drest
In garb of Lincoln green :
And his bugle wound a full clear sound,
The death note 'twas, I ween.

Then drawing his knife to take the life
He paus'd, and thus quoth he—
“ My Lord, if it please, this haft of grease
“ Should fall by none but Thee ”

To his meny men quoth Lord Lucie then—
“ 'Tis fitly said and done ;
“ Full many a mile in gallant style
“ This noble stag has run :

“ 'Twas earliest morn when hound and hore
“ Up-rous'd him from the vale ;
“ And the sun stood high in the middle sky
“ Ere his speed began to fail.

“ Through grassy vale and woodland dale,
“ And over the rising hill,
“ By stream and grot to this haunted spot
“ We have followed him stoutly still.

“ But the strong and the fast give in at last,
“ And the fleetest foot must flag—
“ Bring hither the cup, and fill it up :—
“ I drink to the gallant stag.”—

Lord Lucie laugh'd as the Rhenish he quaff'd,
And " oft as a boy" quoth he
" I have heard it said that the forms of the dead
" Are seen by this hawthorn tree.

" That here the elves sing in their magic ring,
" When night rides o'er hill and glen :
" And the beasts that drink from the waters' brink
" May speak with the voice of men.

" By my plighted troth I ever was loath
" To believe what I did not see,
" But willing and soon would I grant the boon,
" Could this stag ask his life of me."

The verger in fear crept off the deer,
And slunk behind the crowd ;
The Baroness too more palid grew,
While the nobles laugh'd aloud.

" Oh say not so" she cried " or woe
" On our heads you may call ;
" For the fairies ban on that bold man
" Who doubts their might will fall."

The Page bent knee, and " my Lord" quoth he
" For fear the charm be stirr'd
" And issue forth to work in wrath
" Recall that hasty word!"

But who may tell what terror fell
On each motionless form around ;
For scarce had been spoke this idle joke,
When starting from the ground,

With eye of fire, and breathing ire
The noble stag replied,
(And sad was the word for those who heard)
Then laid him down and died—

“ Thy power and boast are vain and lost,
“ My spirit thou can’st not stay ;
“ For never more could you restore
“ The life I lose to-day.

“ My soul must part from this breaking heart.
“ And all will be quiet soon .
“ But never would I for flesh life sigh,
“ If I begg’d it of thee a boon.

“ Was there nothing to plead at my utmost need
“ Ere this hard day began,
“ For the joys thy sport has broken short,
“ Thou hard and cruel man ?

“ Not my strength and grace, the pride of thy Chase,
“ The speed with which I sped .
“ My meek blue eye, my antlers high,
“ The harmless life I led ?

" Even now my soul out of thy controul
 " Is mingling with air as free ;
" But if ever a deer should again fall here
 " Thy victim shall speak like me.

" And dying at length I leave my strength
 " To the oaks where I was born ,
" My courage and rage are thine, young Page,
 " Yon bloodhound has my scorn—

" Whatever of fear—this verger here
 " Who lacks it not may keep
" To this haunted well where my last bound felt
 " The dying tears I weep

" To the viewless wind I leave behind
 " My swiftness as fleet and free ;
" To thy high-born bride I leave my pride,
 " And my horns, proud Baron, to Thee !

A LEGEND OF LUCIE HALL.

PART 2D.

The quiet air blows where the hawthorn grows
As it blew in the days of yore ·
And forth from the ground where the shade falls round
The glass-like waters pour.

The stag's bones still lie by the rill,
Though since that chase he ran,
Ten years are sped, the verger dead,
The little page grown a man—

But the Lord of all proud Lucie's hall
And covert and stream and tree,
With his wide domain of hill and plain—
Oh ! tell me where is he ?

And where the bride who by his side
Unto the chase rode forth,
When the brave stag fell by the haunted well.
And his charm'd voice died in wrath ?

Oh ! foul disgrace to her high-born race,
And shame on her children fall !
For she has fled from him she wed
To a neighbouring Baron's hall.

Still many a day Lord Lucie lay,
Nor utter'd a word or moan :
But oft by night in the pale moon-light
Would he wander forth alone.

Towards the rill his footsteps still
Unconsciously were bent :
And over the stream in waking dream
On the hawthorn bough he leant.
.

From far and near on his listless ear
Wild sounds of sad import
Like the swelling note of a horn would float
When the hunters follow their sport.

And the villagers said their forms the dead
To his vacant eye reveal'd,
While again in the air was acted there
That gallantly hunted field.

'Twas there he nurs'd his bitter thirst
Of vengeance oft till morn,
Till one sad day from the chase astray
His foe was thither borne.

With a fiery glance from his gloomy trance
Up-sprang Lord Lucie then—
“ Ha ! hast Thou come to meet thy doom,
“ The Lion in his den ?

"Last night I swore ere a week was o'er

"To sup in thy Father's hall,

"Where he should wait as I sate in state

"With my trusty followers all.

"Then when the cup was fill'd merrily up,

"And thou slain by her side,

"Thy blood should be pour'd on the festal board—

"'Tis thus I would claim my bride.—

"But since Thou'rt here, Deceiver, fear

"What Thou to me hast been ;

"For ere we part thy stricken heart

"Or mine shall stain the green."

He said ; and forth his sword in wrath

From out its scabbard lept :

And with a blow the feather low

From his foeman's cap was swept

The plume, close-shorn, on the wind was borne

A moment ere it fell,

With a ripple round, but not a sound,

In the waters of the well.

The blood in his cheek was swift to speak

That rival Baron's shame :

At his mark of scoff he vaulted off

His steed with an eye of flame.

" 'Tis well, proud Peer, that we meet here :

 " For the vengeance you had sought

" On my Father's hall may be wreak-ed all

 " On me for the wrong I wrought :

" If wrong it be from thy thrall to free

 " A heart that was never thine

" 'Twere just thy wrath should issue forth

 " On me and not on mine.

" For the oath you've sworn, and the plume you've shorn

 " From my bonnet that waved on high,

" Taking my stand, thus, hand to hand,

 " This sword is my reply."

Their weapons met (and even yet

 Theirs wishes had the start

By that lone rill where all was still

 Save the passions in either heart)

Fierce was the fight, the wrath, the might,

 Of those two rival lords :

Right thick and well their quick blows fell ;

 The fire flash'd from their swords.

Long rag'd the strife for death or life,

 (For both had gained the prize

Of high renown) ha ! one is down—

 'Tis Lucie's Lord who dies !

Woe worth the day of that fell fray,
And the bloody fruit it bore,
Since widow'd wife that fatal strife
And orphan child deplore !

For Lucie's heir soon gathering there
His followers bold and true,
Slew at his board that rival lord,
'Tis said, the lady too.

Then many a knight in either right
Fell fighting sword in hand,
And never before did such a war
Lay waste that merry land.

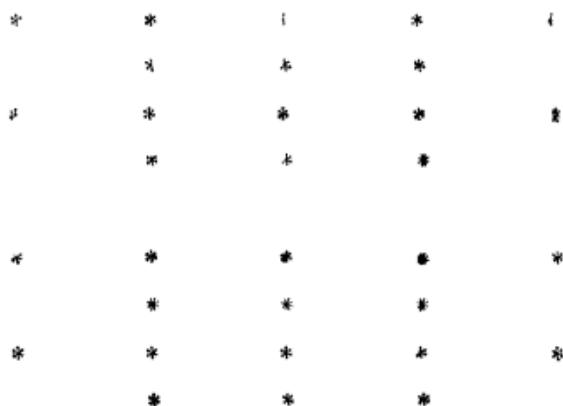
'Twere long to tell what luck befell
The feuds when e'er they met ;
But the best blood pou'd from seif and lord
On the red grass waving wet.

Till one dark night when the Heav'ns light
Was veil'd from the earth, there came
A foeman band with sword and brand
And Lucie wrapp'd in flame.

In wild amaze to fly the blaze
In vain the inmates tried ;
For those who fled from fire o'erhead,
By sword and arrow died.

But one bursts through that murderous crew—
His steed is black as night—
The red flames gleam on his locks that stream
Thro' the air on his onward flight—

His sword is gilt with the red blood spilt
Of the foes who cross his rage—
The arrows rain round him in vain—
He is safe, that gallant Page !



The draw-bridge chain with rust and rain
Time-worn is snapt in two :
Where the broken door is closed no more
The hollow winds sigh through.—

In the chilly gloom of the bridal room
Flit bats with their leathern wings—
The owl's retreat is the lonely beat
Where the warden no longer sings.

The moon shines through where the roof-tree grew,—
The banquet hall is bare—
And the shatter'd wall of Lucie hall
Is left without an heir.

SIR LUCIE BLIGH.

(*A continuation of the Legend of Lucie Hall*)

One summer morn when golden dawn
Had saffron'd all the sky,
And from her nest the lark, Heavn's guest,
Was warbling up on high,

Upon the green a troop was seen
In scarf and plume array'd,
With sword and spear fast pricking near,
A glittering cavalcade.

The clear sun shone in light upon
Their casques as they advanc'd,
The troopers sung, their bri lles wrung,
Their coursers proudly pranc'd.

Their flags unsoll'd in many a fold
Were rustling in the air :
The mace hung low from the saddle-bow,
The lance was gleaning bare.

In front a knight (his armour bright
And golden spurs proclaim
His rank and state) a jennet sate ;
That knight was one of fame.

For on his shield in azure field
An eagle soaring high
From his spoil'd nest at once confess'd
The bold Sir Lucie Bligh.

His face and hair had once been fair,
The one was tinged with gray—
His lofty brow was sun-burnt now,
In toil and battle-fray

His frame was slight, yet strength and m ght
Were blent with ease and grace ;
And in his mien perchance w is seen
Some thinty summer's trage

A squire and page of tender age
Shared glove and helmet's loid
Whilst at his side in beauty's pride
A lovely lady rode.

O'er all the ground his eye rov'd round,
As if to seek a spot
Once known before, through time and war
And tempest half forgot.

It seem'd in vain : for on the plain
Was nought to bring to mind,
Nor hall nor bower, nor castle tower,
The scene long left behind.

If such there were when he was there,
No more he sees them now—
One hand was prest within his breast,
The other on his brow.—

From out his men he beckon'd then
His page, and thus he cried,
“ Go ask with grace how call'd this place—
“ To yonder cottage ride.”

Right good to see was the mirthful glee
Of the boy as forth he sped ;
A noble air on his visage fair
With the beauty of youth was shed.

“ Yon knight, good dame, would know the name
“ Bestow'd upon this place ;
“ My Lord” quoth she, and bent her knee,
“ Men call it Lucie chase.”

When the knight heard that well-known word
He made his men stand still,
And with none beside his lady bride
Rode gently o'er the hill.

No rein they draw for a mile or more,
Till a trickling stream they see,
O'er whose well-head the branches spread
Of a lonely hawthorn tree.

The knight's eye bent o'er the wave, intent
 On bygone thoughts awhile,
 Then pressing the hand of his Lady and
 With a kind yet mournful smile.

"My Amy dear" quoth he " 'twas here

" Full twenty years ago

" The hunting sword of Lucie's Lord

" A gallant stag laid low

" A lady fair as yourself was there,

" His former self you see

" And a master kind as you may find

" That Baron was to me

" Who worth the time when his castle chime

" Ring out to the foes beneath—

" By your ash' check you have heard me speak

" Of that scene of blood and death

" But to night in song (for the tide is long)

" And sad) shall my master tell

" At the festal board, how Lucie's lord

" The stag and the Lady fell

" That deadly night when the sky was alight

" With the sickly glow of flame,

" I burst from the hall through the murderer's all,

" With nought but my sword and name.

“ Since then in strife ten years of life

“ Have I pass'd on the tented plain,

“ In the pomp and pride of the fierce war tide,

“ Mid the slaying and the slain :

“ Till once in a rout we turn'd about,

“ Forc'd the shouting foe to yield,

“ And I won from the hand of the king of the land.

“ My spurs on the battle field.

“ By my Father's sword and the blood I have pour'd

“ A knightly name have I—

“ And dearer far than his fame in war,

“ The bride of Lucie Bligh.

“ Yes! twenty years since the dying tears

“ Of that wonderous stag were shed

“ Have slowly wound their circle round

“ O'er Lord and hunter dead !

“ Now ten pounds good I swear by the rood

“ Each year from my land shall be given

“ To the monks for a mass to be sung which shall pass

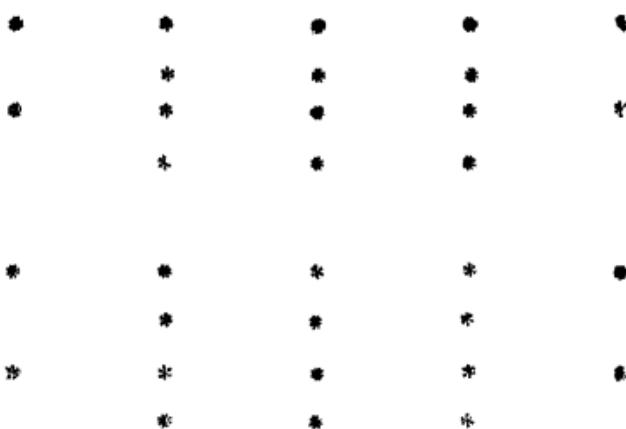
“ The souls of the gone to Heaven.

“ And my Amy dear we will build up here

“ A stone which shall tell for aye

“ How the brave stag fell by the haunted well

“ To all who pass this way.”



Full many an age on history's page
Has passed, yet you may see
Where under the hill the stream flows still
By the stump of an hawthorn tree,

A broken cross o'er grown with moss
And a legend to tell the tale ;
Though the hand of Time has marr'd the rhyme
'Tis the cross of Lucie Vale !

LINCOLN'S INN, *August 1st, 1840.*

THE MOAT AND GRAVE.

[A pretty walk across the fields, rather more than a mile in length, leads from my home to a spot called *Old Church*, where one grave, and but one, is left to mark the plot formerly the Parish burying ground. Two dwarf fir trees grow, one at either extremity of the stone which has no inscription on its surface; but upon the edges is written "Heare lyeth the body of Baptiste Willoughby Gent. 50 yeares incumbent of this Parishe, who deceased Jan. 22, 1610, aged 75." On the left as you face the west, is the moat which formerly surrounded some Saxon or Norman Castle.]

Come, if you love a Summer's evening walk,
And I will lead you to a hallow'd spot,
Scarce known, where we may meditate and talk
Of might un-chronicled, high worth forgot,
And Virtue unremark'd, the common lot—
Nay when the skies hang cloudless over head,
Why should sad thoughts be conjured up to blot
The fairncss of this scene where spring has shed —
Hush ! and tread lightly friend—we stand above the dead.

II.

No turret built to swing the merry chime
Of pealing bells upon each festive day,
Tells by its ruin there was once a time
When the near villagers came here to pray.
No chisell'd epitaphs in mockery say
Where the rich noble's ashes may be found;
Nor the repose of poor men's humbler clay
By rhyming rail is mark'd, nor swelling mound :
But smooth as velvet lawn the grassy turf lies round !

III

Yet mark between these dwarfish firs a stone
 Which heedless passengers full seldom scan—
 Crack'd and secured with clamps, with moss o'er grown
 It rests on what was once a holy man.
 For fifty years his quiet course he ran,
 The village pastor here, each Sabbath morn,
 Whilst he fill'd up the measure of his span,
 He preach'd until with length of days out-worn
 He died, and by his flock to this lone spot was borne

IV.

Doubtless not lonely then—but when the Land
 Was bound in chains for guilt, and given a spoil
 To the *Destroyer's stern fanatic hand,
 Church and the sacred honours of its soil
 Fell at the trumpet blast of civil Broil—
 Yet He who gave the power, had power to save,
 So when men ceas'd from then un holy toil,
 O'er one alone these trees were left to wave, [grave.
 And drop each year their cones upon the good man's

V.

Turn we to watch the lily-flowers that float
 Spanning the stagnant waters where of old
 The massy draw-bridge arch'd the threat'ning moat
 When deeper streams their warlike current roll'd !

* Oliver Cromwell

† βάλλει δέ καὶ ἀ πιτυς υψοθε κώνους

Theocritus.

Yes ! in that little space (within their fold
 Now fragrant hay thatch'd o'er with brittle straw
 Secure from browsing herds condemn'd to hold)
 The skies long since a mighty castle saw,
 When Barons in their hall gave to their vassals law.

VI.

Rapine, in earliest days, and mail-clad Force
 Were screen'd from vengeance by its sheltering wall :
 Hence sped upon their devastating course
 Battle, and Murder shrouded in his pall.
 Here the unransom'd Captive wept his fall—
 Wassail, in after times, with song and toast
 Kept his late revel in the scutcheon'd hall,
 Whilst Beauty smil'd upon a silken host—
 No rack of all its strength the fabric now can boast.

VII.

Strange tales are told by crone and grey-hair'd sire
 (Nor new, they say, in their own infant days)
 To children crowding round the Christmas fire,
 Of lights that flicker with uncertain blaze
 Above the moat—of forms in spectral haze
 Seen wand'ring nightly there for bad desert—
 Silent, the rustics, yet with curious gaze,
 Even by day the farthest limits skirt—

* So superstition guards what Time has left un-hurt !

* Jam tum religio pavidos terrebatur agrestes
 Diræ loci.

VIII

Said I not well then 'twas a spot to bring
Sadd'ning reflections, winged thoughts that burn ;
Memories that haunt the place from whence they spring ?
But from this lonely grave-stone, ere we turn,
And moated space a lesson let us learn—
For men must know the Future by the past—
‘ A lasting record piety will earn,
‘ When low in dust Honour and strength are cast’—
Homeward ! The misty dews around are rising fast.

* εγέιρεσθε, ἀγαμηνοτεύετεν

St. John.

LOVE'S DEATH.

Love was ever a deceiver ;
Yet before his heathen shrine
Kneeleth many a true-believer
Worshipping the mock divine.
With the bosom's fittal sever
Long since such a lot was mine.

II.

Then to me with sighs confessing
My vows to worse than empty air
The faithless rogue kept still professing
That he had listen'd to my prayer :
But cheated me without redressing —
Love was ever false and fair !

III.

Till one day my vigils keeping,
Wandering moody and alone,
By chance behind a wild rose peeping
I spied the god—his fair limbs thrown
Beneath the leaves and briars sleeping—
I clasp'd and thought him all my own.

IV

Ah ! sad mischance for all his minions,
 He begg'd me with such diamond tears
 When I would fain have clipp'd his pinions
 To take compassion on his years,
 I gave him back to his dominions
 Unscath'd, to ligh't all my fears

V

Once by a stream in summer shower
 I caught him as he leapt to land
 I on out his boat of lotus flow'r
 And tie'd & bound him foot and hand —
 He begg'd not then but spurn'd my power,
 For I had woven ropes of sand

VI

Yet once again in hills of pleasure
 Where lamps cast softend rays around,
 Where fair brows wreath'd in gons of treasne
 Glanc'd, and to music's dulcet sound
 Swift feet tripped in luxurious measure
 The rosy little youth I found

VII

Twice foul'd before, I paus'd reflecting
 Lest Love again should scape me whole—
 A brimming cup of wine selecting,
 Near him with noiseless steps I stole,
 Seized on my victim unsuspecting,
 And drown'd him headlong in the bowl

VIII.

Maidens ! beware when sweet words spoken
 Woo you in dream like hours to wed—
 Reject Love's counterfeited token ;
 'Tis some imposter in his stead
 Would lead you where the shrine lies broken :
 His reign is o'er : Young Love is dead.

SLANIRIPANT, *September 6, 1840.*

[I need scarcely inform my readers that this little poem is written in imitation, of Anacreon. In the 6th ode they will find much of the imagery. Andrus Naupactus has an Epigram in which Love is bound with flowers but the whole is so Anacreontic that I am induced to transcribe it.

Florentes dum forte varius mei Hyella per hortos
 Texit odoratis/lilt canitosis
 Loco 'tosis inter hirtum item n' venti Amorem
 Et simul annos floribus impluit
 Luctatus primo et contra intentibus his
 Indomitus tentat solvere vincia Puci.
 Mox ubi teolas et dignas matre papillas
 Vedit, et ora ipsos nata moveat Deos ,
 Impositos que comeat ambrosios ut sentit odores,
 Quosque legit diti messa beatus Arabs,
 " I" dixit, " mea, quare, novum tibi, mater Amorem
 " Imperio sedes haec eut apta meo "



SHE SATE BESIDE THE COTTAGE DOOR.

[A custom prevails in Wales of strewing the winding sheet of persons lately deceased with heaths and flowers. One Sunday as I was going to Church I entered a cottage and saw the scene-cloths of a young girl who had died of consumption covered after this fashion in fanciful devices.]

Oh ! let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense then perfum'd breath .
Let them be placed around my bier,
And grace the gloomy hour of death

The Sisters—Crabbe—

She sate beside the cottage door,
A creature young and fair ;
The evening breeze just faun'd her brow,
And wav'd her yellow hair.

There flush'd across her wasted cheek
A bright and hectic bloom :
The blushing of a youthful bride
Affianced to the tomb.

She gaz'd out on the sunny flowers
Fast closing with the day ;
Rear'd by her care, and of her lot
A fitting emblem they.

Her mother sate beside her chair
And read to her the while ;
And as she heard the sacred word
'Twas sweet to see her smile.

One hand that Mother clasp'd, and one
Her sire, an aged man ;
'Twas fairer than the whitest snow,
But oh ! how thin and wan.

No vain desires had fill'd her breast,
Nor pssion ere had mov'd,
Nor cold deceit had chill'd her hopes,
For she had never lov'd.

Yes—loving from her earliest days
One narrow path she trod,
And all her holy spirit gave
And all herself to God.

And as I gazed she seem'd too pure
For this world's tainted breath ;
And yet methought she was too young
Too beautiful for death.

Two months flew by, and once again
I sought that cottage door :
'Twas open, but that fair girls' form
Was seated there no more.

Awhile I paus'd in anxious hope
For sounds to still my fears,
Then stooping entered in and saw
A scene of woe and tears.

For there upon a lowly couch
A simple coffin laid
Told me that this world's scene had clos'd
On that young gentle maid.

Fresh flowers of every varied hue
And chains of purple heath
Upon the winding sheet were strown,
Sad mockery of death.

And the old couple sate and gazed
Upon the fading clay
Of her their child, their elder child
Whose soul had pass'd away.

They wept : but as I turn'd to leave
A little playful child
Crawling beside his sister's corse
Look'd up at me, and smiled.

The custom of ornamenting the dead with flowers seems to have obtained from the very earliest ages. See Iliad σ. 352 Lucian tom. II. p. 927 describes the dead as adorned *ωραῖοις ἀνθεστιν*. See also Paschal de Coron. p. 225 Ruins of Palmyra p 22 Relig Cerem: v. 7. p. 117. Who does not remember Queen Katherine in Henry VIIIth.

— When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honour, strew me o'er
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave

So too the corpse of the shepherd Chrysostom in Don Quixote.

CONSCIENCE.

Oh ! yes ! There is a Spirit pure and bright
Amid the weakness of our mortal natures
Which cannot all be hush'd ! Its " still small voice"
Will speak, and most in sickness or in grief,
When sorrow weighs down the immortal mind,
Bending or breaking the material form —
Its tones though low, are powerful ^{to} teach,
To tell of the Hereafter. It will soothe, upbraid,
Call up remorse or pleasure, joy or woe,
Cause tears or smiles, repentance, sighs, groans, prayers,
According as the Past on Memory's page
Has written most of good or evil days.
And it has power, so it be not check'd,
To save from peril, when the weak flesh droops
And quails at evil with mysterious dread.
In every age, in every clime, alike
Ubiquitous, eternal, without change.

Yes ! conscience springs in Childhood's earliest hour
Grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength,
And cannot all be silenc'd—This it is
That prompts the Infant long ere judgment dawns,
On the sweet Sabbath list the Preacher's voice,—
Hence the glad uichin, in the rustic porch,
Checks his rude merriment, he knows not why,
When first the chiming village bells proclaim
In tuneful peal the morning hour of prayer.

Yes ! it may slumber, but it never dies—
Years shall roll past, its voice perchance is hush'd,
While man in all the circumstance of greatness
Forgets his natural insignificance ;
Nor recollects how very brief his stay
Upon this stage—The very trees he plants,—
The walls he builds—creations of his will,
All shall survive him—speechles herbs and stones !

Yes ! it may slumber while in thoughtless youth
Or worthless manhood, each usurps the soul,
Ambition, Pride, Prosperity, Success,
Pleasure, or crime—but it *will* wake at last.
When age has chill'd the hey-day of the blood,
Or in adversity the spirit sinks,
When slow disease hath broke the stalwart frame,
Or in the silent chambers of the sick,
When the mind totters on the abyss of Death,
The voice of Conscience to the guilty ear
In stilly piercing tones more terrible
Than the loud thunder-clap of the o'ercharged skies,
Recounts each folly, tells each separate vice,
Heaps a fresh horror on each long pass'd crime,
Calls up each guilty hour—and, what he fears,
Scares away hope, and bids the sufferer die—
Or it decends from Heavn's most high recess
With healing on its seraph wing to cure
The broken Spirit, and in tones more musical
Than the harmonious voices of the spheres,
It whispers comfort, tells of each good deed,

Robb'd by humility of half its worth,
As the dim shadow of advancing eve
Takes somewhat from the garish light of day
It gives self-praise, the good man's worthiest meed
Lifting the expectant soul from things of earth
On shining wings of promise to the skies.

Methinks I once have heard that Conscience
Must like a bashful maid be woo'd and won ;
Neglected she will pine but speak not. This I know—
A little impulse often will suffice
To move vast bodies—frequent have I seen
A smooth small pebble cast by infant hands
Into the bosom of some glassy lake,
Move the whole surface—first a tiny round
Of dancing waters marks the broken deep—
Still each successive circlet wider grows,
Round urging each in quick rotation round,
Till the last widest on the margin breaks
In mimic waves—
Thus by some impulse as the ocean serves,
Slight though it be, the slumbering Conscience wakes :
At first with scarcely power to mark the vice
Long practised—then with energies increas'd
And still increasing she draws off the cloak
And painted mask of crime, till shuddering Man
Looks back with horror on the hideous Idol
Naked, exposed in all its hollowness.

LITTLE STANMORE, *October 1, 1836.*

'SAY IF AN ANGEL'S WING.'

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth
Unseen ; both when we wake and when we sleep.

Milton.

Say if an angel's wing
Brush'd for a moment past your cheek,
His trumpet-tongue subdued to speak
In silvery whispering

Of warning or of prayer,
Or if the sensible eye might see
The glorious God-like mystery
Reveal'd and shining bare,

While on the flowery brink
Of Pleasure's burning lake you stood
Ready to plunge you in the flood,
Would you not pause and shrink ?

Then trust me, tho' not seen
A host of guardian spirits floats
All countless as the noon-day moats
Us and the moon between :

Such as the Patriarch Sire,
Outcast, saw by the way in dream,
Ascending and descending stream
From Heav'n, a Heavenly choir.

Why then if that could still
The passionate sea our breasts within
And banish sorrow, crime, and sin,
And all the Powers of ill,

Doth not the God of Light
Oft make his angel voices heard
By men, and open with a word
Their forms to mortal sight ?

Nay ; for the heart of man
Is of such stockish stubborn kind
That tho' if we no more were blind
We possibly might start,

And for awhile repent
When first to our material eye
In all its awful majesty
The Messenger was sent :

Yet, once familiar grown,
It would not check our course an hour
Though every Prince, Dominion, Power,
And Potentate, and Throne,

Each kingdom of the Sky,
Angels, Archangels, Cherubim,
And hosts of flaming Seraphim
Were with us constantly.

We who God's holy writ
In all its luminous fullness spurn,
Grossly rebellious, should we turn,
Tho' from the sulphurous pit

One who had passed the grave
To suffer, as we must, below,
Sin's endless penalty of woe
Arose to warm and save ?

Yet tho' we may not see
On earth the sons of God appear,
Do we not every moment hear
Their words of sympathy ?

Not in the Spherical song—
Not in the tones with which the stars
Sing to each other while their cars
Of fire are hurrying on—

Not in the thunder peals—
Nor in the sounding Ocean swells—
Nor murmurings of hollow shells—
Nor in the breath which steals

Through summer leaves like moans,
Quivering through all the hill-side trees—
In founts nor brooks—tho' all of these
Are strange mysterious tones—

But in that silent voice
 Which Men call Conscience, when we stand,
 Evil and good on either hand,
 Uncertain in our choice.

For somewhat too divine
 For our fall'n nature seems to brood
 Spirit ! who always speak'st for good,
 In that sweet voice of thine.

Who is there then dare say
 Angels walk not with men below ?
 The stars keep on their way although
 We see them not by day.

Knowledge, great Power's queen
 Would dwindle, pine, nay die, should we
 Confine belief to what we see,*
 Excluding things unseen.

And yet, if false indeed,
 He of all men will be most blest,
 He will know least of sad un-rest,
 Whose *faith* is in this creed.

* And all is trash which reason cannot reach.

Couper.

THE ROMAN ENCAMPMENT.

[Within half a mile of my home are three Roman forts crowning a line of hills upon the old St. Alban's road. They were probably erected by Ostorius Scapula, (who reduced the countries Northward of the Thames,) as out-posts to the Military Station at Verulanum. They are reckoned very perfect specimens. Many of my friends will no doubt remember them, for a stroll to the Roman Encampment used to be one of the most favourite walks with the family at Edgware].

Lo ! what a vision ! There beneath me lies
The Roman armament in all its pride !
Long tented lines in measur'd order rise,
And streets exact between, the whole divide.
There in the spacious centre spreading wide,
And loftier than the rest, the canvass wall
That bounds the General's home—on either side
Quæstor's and Praetor's circling curtains fall,
That for the treasure ; this for justice' sacred call.*

II.

Conspicuous next in order as in rank
Tented, the military Tribunes lie :
Then hosts compact stretch out to either bank
Where the fix'd eagles gaze upon the sky ;

* I believe this will be found in pretty accurate accordance with Roman castro-metation.

Without the wall two bands contending ply
 Their friendly arms ; upon the sward supine
 Some sleep in mid-day sun—here swiftly fly
 The well-cast quoits—Some quaff their Samian wine*
 In the deep shade—there, spears and glancing helmets shine.

III.

Sudden the guard's slow-measur'd pace falls still ;
 His straining eyes are fix'd upon a steed
 Whose reeling steps scarce bear him up the hill ;
 The wildly starting eye, the flanks that b'eed
 The sobbing breath bepeak his hard-urged speed—
 Swift runs the signal—‘ Arm ! their Brittish swarms
 ‘ On us once more the island chieftains lead—
 ‘ Trumpets ! ring forth your brazen-tongu'd alarms—
 † ‘ To arms—up, with the standards, up ! To arms ! To arms !’

IV.

Idler and wassailer and sleeper start
 Each from his rest—Their eager swords flash bright,
 For tones like these ne'er fail'd to rouse the heart
 Of generous Roman with the love of fight—

* Samian was a rough coarse wine, much in vogue with the lower military orders.

† *Ferte uti ferrum, date tela, scandite muros
 Hostis adest ea :*

Aeneid.

“ Arm, arm ! it is it is the cannons opening roar

Byron.

In serried ranks they gather on the height
 Stout, true, and fiery as the steel they wear,
 Shielding their camp in folds of † triple might ;
 High o'er their heads their banners wave in air,
 While still as Death the rush of barbarous foes they dare.

V.

Nor long suspense : for sullen murmurs reach
 Their sense already, such as fishers hear
 Of storm—toss'd waves lashing the stony beach
 As homeward o'er the mid-night seas they steer—
 Too sure war's purple tide is rolling near !
 Closer that noise bursts like a thunder-peal,
 Till from the forest depths it swells out clear,
 The clanging weapon, and the rattling wheel—
 Each Roman's tight'ning hand grasps firm his willing steel.

VI.

On sweeps the enemy, a various route—
 Naked and fierce they rush on to the war,
 Like vultures to their prey, fore scenting out
 The carnage ; with one universal roar
 From the far rear to painted Chief before
 Forth bursts the shout, a wild tumultuous sound,—
 Forward their lines of scythe-arm'd chariots pour—
 Their clubs high-brandish'd, up the hill they bound,
 They join ; and Battle rides triumphant o'er the ground.

ingenti clamore per omnes

Conduunt se Teueri portas et mænia complent. *Cæn:*

+ Alluding to the order of the Roman legion, *bastati, principes, Triarii :*

VII.

'Tis past—and nothing but a marshy pond
Clasp'd by a lofty wall of grass remains—
The other side the woods wave far beyond,
This sloping runs away in verdant plains—
Each year the creeping bulrush somewhat gains
On the moist stream which hill or spring supplies :
And o'er the whole perpetual silence reigns,
Except as now some stately heron rise
And point his solemn flight far westward thro' the skies.

LITTLE STANMORE, April, 1840.

A DREAM.

Never lady's glass
Its owner flatter'd with so smooth a cheat.

Dr. Beaumont's Psyche.

As Love one summer eve was straying'
Who should he see at that soft hour
But young Minerva gravely playing
Her flute within an olive bower.
Quick from the lips it made so odious
That graceless flute the goddess took,
And while yet fill'd with breath melodious,
Flung it into the glassy brook ;
Where as its vocal life was fleeting
Adown the current, faint and shrill,
At distance long 'twas heard repeating,
'Woman, alas ! vain woman still.'

Moore.

Stretch'd on a moss-grown bank methought I lay
Where mortal foot had never trod before;
Nor scarce less fair the scene than that which they
Who sinn'd the first before their fall rov'd o'er :
So sweet the odour, and so soft the light,
So clear the waters, and the flowers so bright.

II.

A roseate hue had flush'd o'er all the sky,
 And music not of earth was floating round
 From the bright flower-bells it seemed to sigh
 Streams trees in unison gave back the sound,
 As though a voice in each dumb leaf had grown,
 And every ripple spoke a silver tone.

III

A sudden warmth suffus'd its genial glow
 O'er all the garden, and the gay parterse
 Above whose shrubs the sunny breeze crept low
 Grew on the instant fairer and more fair,
 While scents of dewy fragrance o'er the whole
 From rose and pink and blue-eyed violet stole.

IV

Then three such forms as only dreams display
 Came hand in hand around whose path a light
 Shining more fully than the middle day
 Was shed intensely beautifully bright
 No motion danc'd upon their feet, but still
 They glided forward like a waveless till

V.

She in the centre wore a golden zone
 Clasping her waist—her breast and shoulders bare
 Whiter and clearer than the Parian stone*
 Were scarcely shadow'd by her yellow hair.

* Splendentis Paro marmore purius

Horace

There in her beauty and her cinetur'd vest
At once the goddess Venus stood confess.

VI.

Deck'd in a garb of every rainbow dye
With silver bells that tinkled as they danc'd,
Nodding from her tall crimson cap on .
Young Folly down the path of light advanc'd,
And ever as her chiming wand she rear'd
Figures fantastic round as dreams appear'd.

VII.

The other whose black hair was trebly wound [mix'd,
In wreaths where gems and flowers and leaves were
Her vestments too with garlands loop'd and bound,
Came on—'Twas Vanity ! Her eyes she fix'd
Upon a mirror in her hand the while,
Nor blush'd to see her own reflected smile.

VIII.

Sudden methought the vision seem'd less clear—
Their forms half mingling with the sky's deep blue
Faded away—and as they press'd more near
More indistinct their shadowy outline grew,
Till into one they melted and a fair
Young woman of this Earth stood smiling there.

TO K. B. ON HER MARRIAGE.

Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure.

Burns.

You bade me strike a strain of pleasure
 Respondent to the joys *you* feel ;
Yet forth in what a mournful measure
 These melancholy numbers steal :
Gleams of the future now revealing
 Your path with every joy bestrown
Force me with all too selfish feeling
 Look back and think upon mine own.

II.

And happiest far my memory numbers
 Those which you know were pure and fair ;
Bright visions of my childhood's slumbers
 Before my spirit woke to care .
* When Fancy all her votaries decking
 In quaint disguise held courtly sway,
And Frolic ruled without repressing
 Thoughts which but kindled for a day.

* In allusion to certain charades which our Christmas party used to act in the hospitable mansion of L——e.

III.

These dear remembrances still thronging
In busy troops come thick and fast,
And wake a useless painful longing
For what has flown too quickly past.
Yet when for Thee the song is swelling,
And each poor strain for thee I raise,
Oh ! blame me not for not repelling
The scenes and thoughts of other days.

IV.

You know not what a magic sweetness
By memory round those hours is cast
Which makes me more regret the fleetness
With which too soon they hurried past.
Like far off bells, whose distant ringing
Comes mellowed to the ear, they start
Before my thoughts, their distance flinging
A quiet charm about the heart.

V.

Would some prophetic power showing
The deep hereafter, bade me say
That every purest joy is glowing
To greet Thee on thine onward way :
And thus my busy fancy twining
The past and present, feign would look
For pleasures in the future shining
Like pebbles in a glassy brook.

VI.

But what the pinions of the morrow
 May bear 'tis not for man to see :
 Yet if kind wishes shield from sorrow
 From my full heart they pour for Thee.
 ' Be happy'—thus my prayers expressing
 That which myself may never know
 Ascend for Thee : yet 'tis a blessing
 To think and feel that Thou art so !

VII.

Like a fresh coronal of flowers
 May joys still bloom around thy brow,
 And in a peaceful stream thy hours
 Flow ever smoothly on as now :
 By not one way ward ripple broken,
 Unruffled by the breezy woes,
 Its margin grac'd with every token
 Of happiness and calm repose.

VIII.

May each day some new bliss revealing
 Brighter than its fore-runner seem,
 Till age unseen unfelt come stealing
 Upon thee like a pleasant dream.
 May the same Power thy sleep defending
 From harm, thy waking moments bless ;
 And sunny smiles each morning sending,
 Crown all thy wishes with success.

LITTLE STANMORE, *May, 1837.*

THE BIRD'S NEST.

Ἐξοιδὸν ἀνὴρ ὅν χῶτι τῆς ἐσ ἀνριον
οὐδεν πλέον μοι σοῦ μέτεστιν ἡμέρας.

Sophocles.

Come to yon hawthorn hedge with me,
And gently press the leaves aside,
And take one stealthy peep to see
The tiny fabric which they hide.

2.

'Tis pois'd upon that fork-ed twig,
Securely hidden from the sight,
And guarded round with many a sprig
From sunny day and dewy night.

3.

To form this nest what various spots
Were sought with busy toil and care ;
The elm gave lichen, moss the grot,
And floating thistle down, the air.

4.

Those feathers which the partridge left
Upon the dewy bank at morn,
And threads with a half-timid theft
From the near cottage door were borne.

5.

Clover and hay and yellow straw
 Were pull'd from out the tune-worn stack,
 • With fleeces which the rude thorn tore
 From the unconscious cattle's back.

6.

See too within the immost down,
 Where oft the mother's breast has lain,
 Those little eggs of dusky brown
 Splash'd o'er with many a crimson stain.

7.

How oft upon the top-most spray
 As o'er her charge the mother sate
 Her partner lov'd at break of day
 To cheer with song his constant mate.

8.

And as the warbling shrill and clear
 Upon the morning breeze would rise
 Its pureness floated on the air
 Like praise ascending to the skies

9.

Or oft he sought the neighbouring spring,
 Or o'er the dewy fields would roam,
 But quickly still return to bring
 Food to the lone one left at home.

* *σπάσασα κτησίον βοτῶν λάχνην.*

Soph. Trach:

10.

Oh ! think on, as you view the nest,
The plastic art which plac'd it there,
What toil it must have cost the breast
That form'd it with such toil and care.

11.

And never may some wanton boy
In cruel hour the secret know ,
Why should the scene of so much joy
Become the scene of so much woe ?

12.

Enough : replace the leaves, and now
Before we go take one last peep,
I would not break that slender bough
For all the jewels of the deep.

13.

No ; for I feel, sweet bird, the Power
Which form'd us both, meant you to share
Unharm'd with me the present hour
And blessings of the sun and air !

LINES WRITTEN IN LONELINESS.

In the halls of the stranger I dream
 Of the land where I once used to roam
And though distant, in fancy I seem
 Once more to be wand'ring at home !

II.

Yes ! there is the spot where I play'd,
 The sward of the garden my bound,
Yes ! there are the fields where I stray'd,
 And the same trees are growing around

III.

Their green summer leaves scarcely shake
 To the breeze as it passes them by ;
The sky is all clear, and the lake
 Is as clear and as calm as the sky

IV.

The forms of my brothers are near,
 And I hear the wild shouts of their play,
As they marshal with sword and with spear
 The well-mimick'd battle array.

V.

I stroll by the ivy-clad pile
Of Stanmore, and pause on the strand
Where the waters of fair Elstree smile,
The lake of my own father land.

VI.

I pluck the wild flowers that grow
On my path o'er the oft-trodden heath,
And twine them for those who I know
Will accept when I offer the wreath.

VII.

I cross o'er the green fields of grass
As 'tis sweet in one's boyhood to stray,
When the villagers smile as you pass,
And the cottage bids you good day.

VIII.

Oh ! would that my spirit might still
Be away in the land of my youth.
View the heather, the lake, and the hill,
And imagine these fantasies truth.

IX.

It may not—of these joys I am rest;
For alas ! the sweet vision has flown;
And I wake but to find myself left
In the land of the stranger, alone !

THE FORGET ME NOT.

Tho' from the web of life
 Hope's silver thread be started,
And Memory's page is rife
 With the forms of the Departed
'Tho' like a shatter'd vase
 Each hollow joy be broken,
My heart yet loves to pause
 Upon this blue-eyed token

II.

And ever as I gaze
 Upon the flower before me
A brighter spirit's rays
 For the moment are shed o'er me
For then *your* form is seen
 In the lone heart of its wearer,
Fresh as the flower's own green,
 And than its own white fairer.

III.

Pass then my coming years
 In sunshine or in shower
Still shall I look with tears
 On this blue-eyed token flower.

It will keep me still the same
And I never shall forget thee :
Its hues may fade—its name
Unchanging, will not let me !

MONTRIEUL, *Noir*. 1837.

THOSE PLEASANT WALKS.

Those pleasant walks ! Ah ! me ! I sometimes think
'Twere best for man to live alone, nor graft
Fresh stocks of love perpetual on his heart—
Nay blame me not too hastily, nor deem
Such thoughts an idle gloomy fantasy,
The offspring of an over heated brain—
Truths are strange things and when they chance to jar
Against our pre-conceived ideas, or clash
With sympathies, hopes, wishes, stranger still
But I have thought, deeply and calmly thought ,
And feel 'tis sadly true, although it sound
Never so strange—lend me your ears awhile—
Is there no lonely grandeur in the thought
Of living self-dependant—far remote
E'en in the busiest crowd from every wish
Or hope *they* form , unharassed by *their* cares,
Unruffled by *their* joys, in looking round
Alike upon their failure or successs
With eye un-mov'd, and heart unrung, and wrapt
As in a garment, living in oneself,
By self, not for self, nor yet selfishly ?
It may be sweet and doubtless 'tis to know
That there *are* eyes, however far away,
Which glisten brighter when they see our name
Coupled with glory ; or awhile grow dim

If they but light e'en on a feign'd account
Of sickness or of woe—'tis doubtless sweet
To feel that there are other ears that glow,
Checks that will blush, and hearts whose throbbing pulse
Will bound one beat the quicker at our praise —
All this is sweet, but tell me, do you think
'tis link unreal, far off sympathy,
Does or can compensate for the vast void,
The ceaseless yearnings of the soul to fill
The blank which absence makes ? Believe me, no.
“ A present evil for a future good.”
Better not make a friendship, than to feel
‘The want of it hereafter—the one draught
Is cloying sweet as honey, like the book
In Patmos isle, but bitter *then* as gall.
We meet like stranger travellers at a well
Both weary, toil-worn, thirsty, and the one
Has what the other lacks—a crystal cup—
Or strength to draw—he lends unlook'd for aid,
But not un-thank'd and from this courteous act
We up and on together for awhile
Our path perchance the same thro’ summer fields,
Yellow with cowslips or enamell'd o'er
With blue-bells and with daisies, but at length
Our roads branch off, we bid farewell, and part,
Often we turn our lingering looks behind
To catch one other glimpse of that dear form
We may not see again—then journey on
More wretched and more lonely than before :

For it were rash and idle to expect
Another form just where the last one left
Willing, and eager, rais'd by some strange chance,
Waiting to join us on our pilgrimage.
These thoughts are gloomy, but, I pray thee, bear
With me whilst I disclose their hidden source
It seems a fate to me to make sweet friends
Dear friends, who cross like meteors my path,
With all their brightness but alas ! their speed
Lighting my way one moment with their blaze
Then leaving me in darkness more obscure
Or like those flowers which in early spring
Bedeck the garden for one little month
Scarce are they gaz'd on, wish'd for, ere they fade !*
And yet perchance it is well order'd thus,
For let a few short years be plac'd between,
One little year his interlapsed, and friends,
What are they ? Then † idea comes back to us
Not even with a portrait's certainty,
Though dull and still and cold that be — the more
Our Fancy strives to paint the well lov'd form
The more unical, shadow like, it grows
The greater effort the mind makes to clutch
The vision, farther it eludes our grasp ;
A cup of Tantalus--a cheating dream—
A mocking phantom—a delusive hope.

Looking back now these lines seem almost prophetic.

* 1 James ii. 3-4.

And friendship oft is like a graceful reed—
It takes root quickly and it shoots up soon :
It loves the gentle stream it feeds upon :
'Tis fair to look on when its first spring leaves
Are green and tender—it will bend its head
In summer to the wanton breeze that strives
To break it—but as older still it grows,
It grows more brittle, and the wintry blast
Of pois'nous calumny will oft suffice
At the first shock to shiver it in twain :
And he who *now* is tempted to expect
From it or aid or shelter in the storm
Because he saw it bending *then*, and green,
Will find it hollow—a most frail support !

Those pleasant walks ! in which we travers'd round,
The grey and time-worn walls built ages back
By that stern old crusader* in his pomp,
Or pride, or strength, or weakness --where of old
The steel-clad warder with his bended bow
And iron casque gazed by the full-moon-light
From the same bastion on the same fair stream
That then roll'd on in stateliness as now .
Eager he peer'd into the farthest East,
The stillness of the night encroach'd upon
By the slow clanking of his own arm'd heel,
As he pursued his lone and beaten round,
Striving to catch the grey of earliest dawn

* Godfrey de Bouillon.

Whose breeze he knew bore battle on its wings.
How many a form since his, young as ourselves,
Gay, idle, thoughtless, in each passing age
Has pac'd these ramparts and where are they now ?
And yet, God help us with these stones around
Speaking in thrilling accents to our hearts
Of what we are and must be, how we talk'd
Of fashion, follies, idle vanities !

Those pleasant walks when by the lonely cliffs
We took our way and gazed out on the sea
That roll'd between us and our native land
Whose cliffs rose proudly glistening in the sun,
Lofty and shining white — were our hearts full
Of home ? Oh ! no ! — or when we stood beneath
The fisher's chapel, did they bow with pray'r ?
Or when beside that gentle river's bank
We stray'd, Italian poets in our hands,
The green fields edging on one side our path,
The river on the other at our feet—
Were our hearts turn'd to poetry ? oh ! no !
Still we talk'd on as youth will ever talk
Of fashion, follies, idle vanities !

Those pleasant walks ! Ah ! me ! what made them so ?
Was it the deep blue of the Autumn sky ?
The sunny brightness of the cloudless noon ?
The placid beauty of the fields around ?
The freshness of the waters and the breeze ?
What made our spirits light and glad, and free ?

Say—was as it all or none of these, and not
That idle yet sweet converse which we held
The while we walk'd ? Whate'er the charm might be
It hath sunk deep into *one* heart at least,
Which will look back upon those pleasant walks
In after days, the one bright point of life—
The green oasis of its desert track !

BOULOGNE, *October 17, 1837.*

THE BLESSING OF THE SEA.

[Once a year at the commencement of the herring fishing on the 1st of October the Boulogne fishermen attended by the Priests proceed to the shore where they perform a mass before the cross erected at the foot of the cliff after this ceremony they descend to the water's edge and pronounce a blessing on the sea]

Beside the fisher's humble shrine I stood,
Musing alone upon the silent shore,
Gazing out far across the Ocean flood
When the full burst of mid-day heat was o'er.
Calm as the sleep of childhood's early years
The waves upon its bosom scarcely roll'd,
Ting'd as the sun sank down to other spheres
With the last parting ray of burnish'd gold
So still so lonely that it seem'd t' impart
A gush of its own quiet to the heart

II.

While my soul swept to other days and climes
On noiseless wings : my old haunts and resorts :
My lov'd and distant home, the bygone times
Of infant innocence, and boyhood's sports—
The brawling brook in which I loved to fling
The enamell'd stones ; the friends with whom I strayd,
Holding sweet converse in the jocund spring
By stream or paved fount, woodland, or glade,
As hand in hand we dreamt the hills around
Hemm'd in their slope the world's extremest bound.

III.

Was it indeed reality—that swell
 Of far off music's faintly breathing strain
 Mingling with silver bells whose chiming fell
 Prolong'd in dying murmurs o'er the main—
 Or one of those bright creatures of the mind
 Which float in dream-like hours before the eyes,
 Coming and going like the pathless wind
 We know not whence or whither, but arise
 Perchance direct from Heav'n, and sent to cheer
 The world's lone pilgrim in his sojourn here.

IV.

No, 'tis not phantasy—for now more near
 The earthly strains each moment louder sweep,
 Swelling in harmony, till strong and clear
 The choral anthem booms across the deep.
 And now they cluster on the shining sand,
 Advancing slowly in one long array
 Led by their holy priests, that fisher band,
 And as they onward come they humbly pray,
 Or turn in silent thankfulness their eyes
 On the tall cross that gleams towards the skies.

V.

They pause, they stop upon the utmost strand—
 The white-rob'd priests, the host, its pomp, and state,
 The toil-worn fisher clasping hand in hand
 His babe unconscious or his tender mate ;
 The aged sire with his uncover'd brow ;

The thoughtless boy upon his bended knee,
And lowly all in heartfelt homage bow

As the Priest pours his blessing on the sea
Whilst to and fro the silver censers fling
Fresh clouds of ambient incense as they swing

VI

Lo ! where the elder Priest advancing throws
The hallow'd water over Ocean's breast,
Whilst through the ranks this simple blessing flows
His voice ascending high above the rest
“ Bless Ihee Sea bless Ihee—may the Lord who chose
‘ His followers first from fur Tiberias shore
“ Bless these hi followers as ~~He~~ once bless'd those,
‘ And still thy tempests as ~~He~~ still'd before
“ Bless Ihee Sea bless Ihee ! May he please to save
“ Each fragile buoyie that tempts the wintry wave !

VII

‘Tis o'er—They use that f' her host and turn
Each to the dwelling which he calls his own
Still the song swells the silver censers burn,
The train sweeps on and I am left alone
And yet I may not deem that fit off strain
So pure, idolatrous, th' blessing pray'r
A pompous pageanty but used in vain,
Unheard and scatter'd to the empty air—
Tho' of another creed I learn to view
With an unjudging heart what others do !

BOULOGNE, October, 1837.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LYRE.

επτὰ δὲ συμφώνους διων ἐταύσσατο λόρδας.

When Maia's son was yet a boy
 He wander'd by the banks of Nile :
His vagrant fancy dwelt with joy
 On many a sportive theft the wh... .

2.

* How when an infant he essay'd
 To steal the bolts from Heavn's own Sire,
But foun d them all too heavy made
 And burnt his fingers with the fire.

3.

† How too when angry Phoebus swore
 To shoot, unless the roguish child
His hidden oxen would restore,
 To find his quiver stol'n, he snill'd.

* See Lucian. οἱ δὲ μὴ βαρύτερος ὁ κέραυνος ἦν
καὶ πολὺ τὸ πῦρ αἰχεν, κάκινον ἀν ύφειλετο.

+ Te boves olim nisi redidisses
 Per dolum amotas puerum minae
 Voce dum terret viduus pharetria
 Risit Apollo—Hor.

4.

* How Mars and Neptune both his pow'r
Spoil'd of their arms were forc'd to own,
And Venus in unlucky hour
Was robb'd of her close clinging zone.

5.

While thus he thought his eyes were cast
Far o'er the river at his side,
(That happy season was just past
When Egypt bless'd and drank its tide)

6.

Often he stoop'd him down and cropp'd
The lotus flowers that nearest lay,
When suddenly his godship stopp'd
Before a tortoise in his way.

7.

He turn'd it o'er—no doubt the tide
Retreating left it where it fell
But nothing now remain'd beside
A few old ligatures and shell.

* For an account of these other robberies, see Callimachus' Hymn to Mercury.

8.

He struck it with his staff—a strain
Of plaintive melody replies—
He starts—once more he strikes—again
Answers the *encharmed shell with sighs.

9.

At first in childish fear he stands
Yet longs once more the voice to hear,
Then grasping it with both his hands
He lifts the wonder to his ear.

10.

Then o'er it as he slowly flings
His fingers, floats a fairy sound ;
Then as he bolder strikes the strings
Louder the twanging notes re-bound.

11.

Throughout the sunny noon he play'd
His soul in joy and wonder wrapt,
Till many of the nerves were fray'd,
And some alas ! in sunder snapt.

12.

In vain he stamp'd his angry feet,
No sweet tones longer wait the boy :
First with his wand in rage he beat,
Then sate him down to mend the toy.

Gray in his Progress of Poetry calls the Harp “enchanting shell.”

13.

He toil'd till in the polish'd shell
 His own fair form he might behold ;
 And for the nerves, replaced them well
 With seven bright strings of burnish'd gold

14

Then guided by the twinkling light
 Of stars straight home to Heaven he flies,
 And, for twas Jove's own fault night,
 Enters the banquet with his prize *

15.

But scarce c'en at the ambrosial board
 His pride restrain'd, the conscious Boy
 Smil'd , brimming cups of nectar pour'd,
 And drank, to hide his bursting joy

16.

At length he left his anxious place,
 And gain'd the seat of Jove unknown,
 With watchful eye and stealthy pace,
 And gently touch'd his jewell'd throne

* Dapibus supremi
 Giata testudo Jovis.

17.

But when the Thund'rer turn'd to blame,
Blushing he struck the lyre and proud,
And as the notes responsive came
Silence enchain'd the list'ning crowd.

18.

At first a lonely mournful tone
Rose on their unexpectant ear
Like the far south-wind's dying moan :
Then soft it flow'd and sweetly clear.

19.

Like gushing d'ops of crystal streams
Trickling o'er hollow stones it fell,
Then bright as sunny Phœbus beams
Danc'd merry numbers from the shell.

20.

Broken abrupt as rugged rock,
Continuous as the sloping plain,
Jarring and fierce as battle-shocks
The music rose and sank again.

21.

Now light, now dark as night or day,
Now like the seasons of the year—
Cold, mellow, blushing, flowery gay
Distant it sigh'd or trembled near.

22.

Luscious it flow'd as lover's tale ;
 As close and sultry noon-day warm ;
 Now languish'd to a plaintive wail,
 Now burst in thunders like a storm.

23.

Louder and louder roll'd the strain
 In awful majesty of sound—
 Echoed the vaulted skies again,
 And closer press'd the Gods around.

24.

The youth had ceas'd, nor voice nor nod
 The universal wonder broke
 All doubted if 'twere not a god
 More mighty than themselves that spoke.

25.

Since then the harp has pour'd its strains
 Of soothing influence o'er Earth :
 * Soft'ning our sorrows, toils, and pains,
 But mostly tun'd to frolic mirth.

* ————— O ! laborum

Dulce Lenimen

Nor.

26.

Thanks then to Maia's gentle son,
The first who strung the golden lyre,
Who from the god's assembled won
The praise and title of its sire.

27.

And if such deeds the bending shell
Achiev'd when first 'twas struck in Heav'n,
What wonder at the magic spell
To music mid us mortals given.

MONTRIEUL, *December, 1837.*

ROMANCE—A FACT

I

Time was, ere sorrow made me think and fear,
When my gay spirit soun d on fancy's wings
To drink those founts of magic thought which here
Flow thick and sullied on through earthly things,
When dream of glory ill unbidden came
To wake the soul with honour's trumpet call,
Unearthly hopes high longings after fane,
Romantic fancies only built to fall,
When the dark world was bathed in purple light,
And stern reality itself look d bright

II

"Twas at a lonely mansion where a host
Of idleis thoughts—ciddy gay had met
Mirth rul'd a welcome monarch, for the most
Of as were young nor thought of sorrow yet
Brave Youth and gentle Maidenhood were there,
There was the laughing look, the plaintive song,
The whisper'd tale between the young and fair—
Would we were now the same gay artless throng,
And so we danc'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd, and sung,
As ever dance, sigh, smile and sing the young.

III.

But there was One, a fair-hair'd girl whose eye
 Fring'd by long penile lashes seem'd to doubt
 Its own enchantment, save when rus'd, a sly
 Arch glance of merriment peep'd sometimes out ;
 Her's was the graceful foot, the fairy form
 Which to be gaz'd on is to be adm'd :
 I drank the poison thrilling, deep, and warm,
 Blessing the beauteous chalice whence 'twas pour'd,
 And once, ah ! me ! with this fair girl I stray'd
 Far o'er the fields and through the wooded glade.

IV.

'Twas earliest spring—yet neither mark'd the thorn
 Frosted with many a bunch of silver may,
 Nor golden cowslips spangled o'er the lawn,
 Nor leaves just burst in beauty on the spray.
 And yet methought I was not slow to read
 That blushing cheek, that timid down-cast eye,
 That trembling arm, and that uncertain tread,
 That half form'd smile, that check'd yet rising sigh—
 “ Dear girl ” I whisper'd, and we pause to press
 Each others hands in silent tenderness.

V.

More bold, I bade her mark the things around—
 “ See ” said I “ see how fast the jocund spring
 “ Trips from her fairy halls to deck the ground
 “ In dyes she tells the sunny hours to bring—

" How nature greets her—with what joyous strain
 The birds sing forth—how merrily the rill
" Bounds o'er the stones—the cattle roam the plain—
 The gamb'ling rabbits frisk upon the hill—
" You love those little playful things of course ?—" " Yes," lisp'd the fair One—" dress'd with onion sauce!"

LINCOLN'S INN, April, 1839.

THE PAROQUET.

Fond hearts *must* love, and having lov'd, love on
 Unceasingly—'tis thus when summer's breath
Kindling their being through the buds hath gone,
 The flower once blossom'd, shuts not save in death,
'Tis thus with plants which once have learnt to twine
 Round the firm trellisse ; if their prop decay,
Soon will their beauty fail, their heads decline,
 Their strength be gone, their sweetness pass away.
Maids, wives, and widows, all must have their pet,
So Mary long'd to love—her Paroquet.

II

Oh ! she would have it under such command,
 Teach it from out her breakfast cup to drink,
Perch hawk-like on her wrist, f'e^t from her hand,
 In short do every thing in life, but think.
Yes, she would make it with such ceaseless pains
 Her prattling confidante, her tell-tale spy,
Cry " charming willow" to her hosts of swains,
 And work out soft flirtations with the eye;
And then she blush'd, yet only fancy spoke,
But " Pretty Polly"—such sweet equivoke !

III.

Poll's a romantic bird : his gorgeous plumes
 Varied as pleasures, gay and bright as joy,
 Speak of those islands where the orange blooms
 In the far west—yes ! Poll's a pretty boy !
 Then there's a cunning fire within his glance
 Sure token of a certain roguish mirth—
 Young hearts, they say, are partial to romance,
 Nor given to strangle roguery in its birth :
 So what between his plumage and his spite
 Poll is a pretty general favourite.

IV.

Besides there's something pretty in a pet .
 It looks so lady-like, and seems to say
 " I'm a mere lodger, but the heart's to let
 For life to you—rent, what you like to pay"—
 So Mary thought, and being firmly bent
 Like men on 'Change immediately to buy,
 The carriage order'd, quick the maid was sent
 To the bird fancier's, for one to try—
 " Quick, Naunette, quick—no, stay—no, go—no, stay—
 " Be gone d'ye hear ?—what—do you still delay ?"

V.

The Parrot came, and Mary being sure
 That half the battle's o'er if but begun,
 Resolv'd at once with many a kindly lure
 To give the un-tried one lesson number one

But Poll was like the adder, deaf ; nor heard
 His charming charmer charm'd she ne'er so well,
 He was a most ungentlemanly bird
 Who would not list what from such sweet lips fell :
 The gilded bars were opened—out he flew,
 And perching on her finger, bit it through.

VI.

Now there's a sort of basiliskic charm
 In danger which (the phrase is strange) outwits
 Our wits, and in a moment of alarm
 We cannot always tell what most befits
 The occasion present—so it happen'd here ;
 For what 'twas certainly most right to do
 Was quite forgotten betwixt hope and fear,
 For when upon her finger Polly flew,
 Nor would forego this most in-human peek
 'The lady wrung *her* hands and not *his* neck.

VII.

In vain her taper arms were wildly flung
 In anguish to shake off this treacherous foe ;
 The pertinacious rogue more closely clung
 The more displeasure she contriv'd to show.
 Like a fierce dun who will not be denied
 But thrusts each separate item in your hand,
 Nor heeds soft words which turn fierce wrath aside,
 Or as when mad Reformers fill'd the land,
 The unwelcome burden of his cry was still,
 " The bill—the whole bill—nothing but the bill."

VIII.

Oh ! Hogarth, Hogarth ! Comic-annual Hood !
Masters of pen and pencil, had ye seen
This picture, what a most delicious food
For long posterity this tale had been.
How fled the lady, how pursued the bird,
With outstretch'd neck and wings, and open beak,
What shrieks of her's what screams of his were heard,
How red his eye-ball, and how pale her cheek :
And how when Thomas cleav'd the topmost stair
He found his lady fainting on a chair !

IX.

What heaps of ormolu and gilt were crack'd,
What China spoilt, what tables over-turn'd,
What billets doux, enamell'd cards unstack'd,
What books were torn, what pretty letters burn'd :
How when at length her opening eyes were cast
In doubt and fear around, the lady cried,
(For fainting ladies must come to at last
When every nostrum has in vain been tried)
“ Take home that goblin monster Thomas, and
“ Fetch half a dozen doctors for my hand !”

X.

I never knew the useless thing on earth
If fitly handled not of some avail,
There's nothing worthless that hath not its worth !
Thus there's a moral in this parrot's tale.

'Tis this—if we but take the pains to try
That unfledged race of birds who sometimes walk
Abroad in borrow'd plumes, and strut, and lie
With much about the wit of Polly's talk,
Weigh their pretensions, search their vice and arts,
We oft might soil our hands, but save our hearts.

LINCOLN'S INN, *April*, 1839.

THE HOPELESS MARINERS.

[An interesting account of this accident is given in the *John Bull* of October 24, 1840.]

Sit still and hear the list of our sea-sorrows

Tempest

One summer day in Scarbro' bay
The fishers mark'd a tiny boat
Gallantly ride upon the tide,
And in t three little boys afloat.

They laugh'd and play'd the while they laid
Their lines well-baited in the sea ,
And o'er the foam their friends at home
Might hear their voices rise in glee.

When one cried out with sudden shout
“ See, Willie, where our play mates row
“ Off from the shore with labouring oar,
“ To tell us we must homeward go

“ But let them fail—up with the sail—
“ And we will lead a meiry chase ;
“ The start is ours, 'twill try their powers
“ To beat or catch us in the chase.”

Swiftly they flew—the breezes blew
In favour of their outward course—
Each boyish breast admir'd the jest
Though the wind freshn'd in its force.

Right on they steer'd, nor sideward veer'd,
Until at length 'twas time to turn,
For Scarbro bay was far away,
And land look'd distant at their stern.

“ Now let us tack and hasten back”
Creed Willie with the flaxen hair,
“ Their boat, ye mind, is far behind,
“ I cannot see it any where.”

They strove in vain to turn again,
The wind so dead beat off the land :
Before the gale with swelling sail
The little crew was forc'd to stand.

The shore look'd blue as on they flew,
Soon dwindling it had fainter grown :
Like a fog-bank it rose, then sank
From sight, and they were left alone.

The sun set red in Ocean bed,
The moon shone cold on mast and rope ;
And every star that peep'd afar
Look'd like a distant land of hope.

Yet still they plough with foaming prow
 The waves around them dashing free—
 For helpless lad no pity had
 The billows of the silent sea.

Nor bread nor meat had they to eat,
 Nor water for their parching thirst,
 Nor compass tried their course to guide—
 Well might their bosoms fear the worst !

The morning rose, and brought fresh woes ;
 One sicken'd, adding to their care :
 'Twas he, the boy of mirth and joy,
 Young Willie with the flaxen hair.

And all day long the fever strong
 Kept gaining on his burning frame :
 In vain they cried his form beside,
 He did not hear or know his name.

Yet on they flew, those other two,
 While grief was heavy at their heart,
 But boldly they still dash'd away
 The tear that to their eyes *would start.*

In turns each mate as helmsman sate
 To steer and trim their little sail ;
 The other stoop'd where Willie droop'd
 And held his head without avail.

They look'd, they pray'd to God for aid,
As night again was closing round,
Nor daid they sleep lest o'er the deep
Some saviour barque unseen might bound.

O'er each stretch'd cord the wind was pour'd,
Full on the sail with hollow sound,
And on they flew, that helpless crew,
Where countless waters hemm'd them round.

Now a pale streak was seen to break
Through Eastern skies, and widening spread ;
Till the sun shone in splendour on
Them famishing, and Willie dead.

Still on they press'd without a rest ;
Forward their bonny vessel stood
With heedless course the paths across
Of ocean's boundless solitude.

Now they were curst with hunger, thirst ;
In their fierce gaze wild fires arise,
Until at length with failing strength
They lie them down, and close their eyes.

The third night fell upon the swell
Of the wild waves, and all was dark—
The helm was tied—none sate beside—
Yet onward sped the lonely barque.

The moon rode high in the midnight sky,
And with that chilling smile of her's
Look'd coldly bright on that sad sight,
Those little hopeless mariners.

The sun again shone o'er the main,
When with faint foot and glazing eye
One of those two rose up to view
The heav'ns again ere he should die.

Hope! courage! hail!—a distant sail
Gleam'd on the far horizon's verge—
Hurrah! it veer'd; for them it steer'd,
Like white-wing'd Hope, across the surge.

Could it be true—it rose to view—
His handkerchief he faintly wav'd—
A gun shot plain boom'd o'er the main,
Glad signal; they are saved, are saved!

Food was supplied: the crystal tide
A sweet refreshing coolness lent;
Yet faint they lie, when suddenly
On a dread sight their eyes were bent.

With firm-tied knot a heavy shot
Was fix'd to their companion's breast:
A sail-cloth bound his limbs around:
And all too well they knew the rest.

The chief they grasp'd ; his knees they clasp'd :
“ Oh ! plunge not Willie in the foam ;
“ In pity save from such a grave
His corse—oh ! let us bear him home.”

The Captain hears, and rising tears
Fast gathering on his eye-lash shine—
He may not grant the boon they want,
And waves his hand by way of sign.

With sullen lunge the sailors plunge
The body in the clear green wave :
And the deep tide on which he died
Is fair-hair'd Willie's Ocean grave.

LITTLE STANMORE, *November, 1840.*

*ON THE BONES OF A DEAD STAG IN
ULLINGSION PARK.*

Beneath the monarch oak
Whose rule hath been here for a thousand years
Thy straining eyes strown'd forth their dying tears,
Brave stag, thy proud heart broke

And now where I to the sky
Listen'd in silence to thy parting moans,
The chilly night-wind whistles through thy bones,
And hollow sound is reply

Oft in the upland lake
Through the boughs I implored spring from thy bairn
Thou didst at first the sultry air
In silence answer me

Say when the clinging bough
Broke by the hands, we perished to thy flight
And for a moment let a feeble light
Fall on the earth below

Here when the wintry gales
Blow fiercest was thy refuge—hence was led
The browsing herd, thy proud form at their head,
Far o'er the sloping dales.

Whilst in their lordly course
Shaking the clear dew from the broken fern
To crop the grassy herbage they would turn,
Bound o'er the prickly gorse.

Or, starting at a sound,
The voice of man—the rustling of the trees—
The distant waters whispering to the breeze—
Gaze fearfully around.

* Here, on this lonely hill
Thy full eye gaz'd upon the far off scene,
The woods below thee, and the vallies green
Sparkling with many a rill.

Through groves of spreading larch
In noon-tide heat to lave thy dappled side,
Or view thy form in silver Darent's tide,
This was thy forest march !

And hither Thou hast come,
When Life's lamp dimly burnt, at length to sigh
Thy panting spirit forth alone, and die,
Thy first and latest home !

When silent stars would peep
Archly beneath the leaves with glimmering beams
And mirror'd moon-light glance upon the streams,
Thy fleetness still'd in sleep,

This green moss was thy bed ;
 High Heav'n, thy canopy ; the rustling bough
 Thy free soul's lullaby to rest, and now
 Here Thou art lying dead.

Not the fierce hound in chase
 Tracking thy foot-fall heard thy bosom throb,
 Or fiercer man dwelt o'er the bursting sob
 That mark'd thy dying place :

Nor startled by the horn ;
 But when age slowly crept on Thee at last
 By memory musing o'er the happy past
 To this spot went Thou borne *

Not with that graceful ease
 Which sped thy youthful antlers o'er the plain
 But with eye dim, and sadly, and in pain,
 With slow and faltering steps.

* Like the poor hunted hare
 Who when the last chance of escape is gone
 Towards the home she left still struggles on
 To yield her spirit there.

* And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
 Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return, and die at home at last.

Goldsmith.

Fit place for one like Thee
Whose earliest day drank in the freshest breath
Of heav'n, in solitude to yield to death,
Unseen, but ever fierce.

Yes ! not unfit thy grave
By the old oak-tree on the lone hill side,
Well known and lov'd, where as you liv'd you died,
Proud, beautiful and brave !

SHOREHAM, *July* 1839.

ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

And so another circling year is sped—

Its pomps and pride, its wishes hopes and fears,
Its joys, its sorrows and regrets are dead

And buried in the vale of bye-gone years—

And what is Time? The Future is a thought,

A mere idea of what *may* never be.

A point, Time present: and the Past is nought

Save before God and in Man's memory.

Twelve months in childhood seem an endless age,

In which we wander on thro' sunny fields,

Where brooks and shining flowers the eyes engage,

And still new spring perpetual verdure yields.

But as more beaten grows the accustom'd track,

No longer please the flowers, the fields, the brook,

For in hope forward, or in sorrow back,

Or on the travellers at our side we look.

Or as we view the Sun, the birds, the sky,

With heavenly visions our rapt souls are blest,

And, Earth forgotten, we too wish to fly

Upward on dove-like wings and be at rest.

Then, when our thoughts no longer fix'd above,

* Again we turn us to the passing thro' ng,
The gods they follow we no longer love,

And often sigh because the road seems long.

Yet when old age has silver'd o'er the brow,

And the stiff joints with ease no longer play,
That road which once seem'd endless passes now
With the still fleetness of a single day.

I know not whence—unless an All-kind pow'r

Pitying our longing for the journeys end
Which leads our spirits home permits the hour

To seem more brief the nearer Heav'n we tend.

Thus as from Infancy to Age we grow

'Tis sweet to think that each succeeding year
Well spent, as closer to our God we go,
Still shorter seems, and brings us still more near.

BE WITH ME STILL.

'Αστηρ πριν μει ἡλιπτες ενι ζωοισιν ἐνος,
Νυν δε θαυμη λιμπεις Εσπέρος ἐν φθιμενοις.

Plato.

You come when sleep has seal'd my eye in night
Smile on my dreams, and rouse me to delight—

Mervales Trans. of Theoc. Id. xi.

Te spectem supra mali cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu

Tibullus.

'Tis vain to battle with my wayward fate—
Whether I wander on the lonely hill,
Walk o'er the mead, or pause beside the rill,
At evening, night, or morning ; early or late—
Her form is with me still.

Her voice is borne upon the noon-tide air
In the same tones of tenderness and joy
Which I once thought Time's self might not destroy,
When she was young, and oh ! how heavenly fair !
And I was yet a boy.

Her loosen'd locks stream on the passing wind
As when we pluck'd spring flowers in our youth,
And flung them fresh aside, as if in truth
Far brighter hues advancing age would find,
And sweeter scents forsooth.

Sometimes her lily hand is press'd in mine
As we were wont with throbbing hearts to gaze
In silent awe upon the starry maze,
Our souls, as 'twere, mingling with the divine
Far off from earthly ways.

Sometimes her form flits by me in the night
When by strange chance amid gay numbers thrown
I listen to light laugh and joyous tone,—
She comes between me and the pale moon-light
When I walk forth alone.

And oft she looks out on me from my sleep
With eyes so fix'd yet sorrowfully clear,
That if pure spirits grieve for us, I fear
She sorrows, for she lov'd me, that I keep
Still my long vigil here.

Yet many years have run their weary length
Since we two stray'd together side by side ;
She in her beauty, I in boyhood's pride—
Old age has stricken down *my* frame and strength,
And long ago *she* died.

Be with me still, sweet saint, for where thou art
I feel a portion of thy spirit dwell,
Sadd'ning, yet soothing with a holy spell,
And then is pou'd over this widow'd heart
A joy I cannot tell.

Be with me still, and I will woo my fate
If when I wander on the lonely hill,
Cross o'er the mead, or pause beside the ~~hill~~,
At evening, night and morn.—early and late,
Thy form is with me still.

DAN-Y-GRAIG, September, 1839

A BRIDAL-WREATH FOR E. B.

Hither, beneath those old and spreading trees,
Upon this worn and rustic seat
Shelter'd from every curious breeze,
Impervious to the noon-tide heat,
Let us a few brief moments seize,
And fill with song the cool retreat.

II.

Hither bring tendrils of the leafy vine,
Roses and every flowret bring ;
Then whilst a fragrant wreath I twine,
In mirthful measmes let me sing,
Gushing like streams of ruby wine
Glowing and living from the string.

III.

First bring me the lilies from a thousand rills
Fresh pluck't, and dripping from the wave ;
Pansies and golden daffodils,
And hare-foot from each fairy cave,
With poppies which the sunny hills
A gift to loose-clad summer gave.

IV.

Next pluck me blue-bells from the scented dale,
And purple woodbine from the grot,
Bright marigolds, and violets pale
That lurk in each sequester'd spot,
Jasmine, and lilies of the vale,
And bunches of forget me not :

V.

Cut me fresh buds from off the hawthorn spray,
Green ivy, flowering moss and heath,
Gather the earliest bloom from May,
Peeping its tender leaves beneath,
White hyacinths before me lay,
With orange-blossom for the wreath.

VI.

Enough of sweets—and bid the village bells
Ring out a merry marriage peal,
While round the heap with magic spells
In ev'rin dance the fairies steal,
As their wild incantation tells
The virtues which the flowers conceal.

VII.

Hither they waft each bud that tokens joy,
Delight and hope for ever fair,
Pleasure, and love without alloy,
To form a braiding for thy hair,

A wreath which nothing shall destroy
To bloom for ever freshly there.

VIII.

And now amid the many mingling sounds
Of dulcet bells that softly ring,
The song of birds, and streams that bounds
In music from its native spring,
'Tis mine to weave in leafy rounds
The emblem flowers the fairies bring.

IX.

Far from the courtly halls of wordly pride
This humble wreath was twin'd for thee ;
Yet Friendship helped the work beside
The roots of that old spreading tree,
And soften'd Time foretold the bride
That wore it should live happily.

[Within one little year from the composition of the above verses
she whose bridal they were intended to grace, was no more !

LITTLE STANMORE, *May, 1837.*

A DIRGE.

— — — — —
— — — — —
Quis alia fando
Temperat a lacrimis?

Virgil

All things that we ordain'd for festival
Turn from their office to black funeral—
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dinges change,
And bridal flowers serve for a buried corse.

Romeo and Juliet.

Et face pro thalami lax mihi mortis adest

Ovid.

The very torch that laughing Hymen bore
To light the virgin to the bridegroom's door
With the same torch the bridegroom lights the fire
That dimly glimmers o'er the funeral pyre,
Thou too O ! Hymen bid st the nuptial lay
In elegiac meanings die away.

Erinna.

οὐκ ἔθανες, πρώτη, μετέβης ἐς ἀμεινονα χῶρον.

Anon.

The dulcet voice which here below
 *Charm'd with delight each listn'ning ear,
Mix'd with no lingering tone of woe
 Swelling harmonious, soft, and clear,
Will sweetly fill the courts above
 In strains of heavenly peace and love.

Marg. Davidson.

Not as of late when on the festal morn, [pleasure,
 Thy chords scarce struck, forth bounded notes of
Harp, breath again—but let thy dirge be drawn
 In length'ning cadence to a mournful measure.

Wild as the sough of winds thro' summer woods
 Whose murmur still seems hush'd, yet never ending;
Sad as the ceaseless roll of lazy floods,
 Or infant voices in full anthem blending,

Breath ; and thenceforth on willow boughs be hung
 Since she, the bride for whom thy golden numbers
Prescient of years and joy deceptive rung,
 In the cold grave too early wept for slumbers.

For scarce the buds plucked in the dewy prime
 Were by these hands in bridal chaplets braided,
And scarce had echo closed the marriage chime
 When funeral knells rang out, the flowers lay faded—

Yet each returning spring around her tomb
 Shall find a mournful band fresh blossoms twining,
Superfluous task ! for in immortal bloom
 Heav'n's amaranth upon her brow is shining.

Hush'd is the voice whose oft remembered notes
With their full sweetness so her friends enchanted,
That still, mid our regret, their magic floats
Around, and hath but left us memory—haunted.

Hush'd but to us—for in the realms above
Where her ficed spirit hath its deathless dwelling
Loud in the choir of everlasting love
Her seraph song of endless praise is swelling.

Her spirit with the holy angels borne,
Her body, freed from pain and sorrow sleeping,
'Tis ours to triumph and to joy—not mourn—
And yet, and yet—I cannot sing for weeping

Hang lonely by the waters, harp—again
Save by the breeze thy strings shall not be shaken:
And not unlike the dying swan's, the strain
That leaves thee silent, lone, untun'd forsaken

LITTLE STANMORE, *August 27, 1840*

TO MY HARP.

ἀπὸ πασσάλου φόρμιγγα λάβων.

Harp, when of late I touch'd thee, and found thy strings
were broken,

I hung thee high upon the wall, of my hasty rage a token :
And I swore in anger never more to ask Thee for a
number,

But still to let thy ringing tones in envious silence
slumber.

Yet ever as I pass'd thee by, I felt how I was wronging
My faithful Harp, and dreamt I heard thy broken strings
prolonging

A gentle murmur at my haste, and quick I left thee often,
Lest thou should'st gain the mastery and my stern pas-
sion soften.

But tell me, Harp, what magic spell, by what enchanter
spoken,

Hath made thee whole, for lo ! thy golden strings are
all unbroken—

What foot this lonely marble hall hath lately dared to
enter,

Say, was it woman's ? tell me, was it love or music sent
her.

Was it some Muse who left her home to fling her
fingers o'er thee—
Or fairy form this spiriting that did so gently for thee—
Say, was it done by day or night, in the yellow beam of
morning,
Or in the chaste and silvery ray, night's sable vest
adorning.

What forms were standing by the while ; the light winds
did they listen—
The ripples of the neighbouring stream, with pleasure
did they glisten—
Shalt thou sing out, as thou wert won't in harmony and
gladness,
Wilt thou forgive the foolish deed that fills my soul with
sadness ?

Yes ! and in spring with gratitude I'll twine thee o'er
with flowers ;
In summer thou shalt sit with me beneath the greenest
bowers ;
Autumn shall press his gushing grapes to crown thee
with their sweetness .
Thy stirring notes beside the hearth shall lend old winter
fleettiness.

Then from thy peg come down my Harp ; and thou ever
shalt be near me .
For thou cans't soothe in solitude, in labour thou cans't
cheer me .
And ever more in weal or woe, in happiness or sorrow
Thou still shall speed the passing day, and glad the
coming morrow .

TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.

No Persian splendours, boy, for me :
Nor chaplets of the linden tree :
They bring but sorrows and regret :
To search the summur bowers forget
For the last rose that lingers yet.

Strive not with anxious care to grace
The myrtle which becomes your place,
And, in its simple beauty, mine,
As underneath this twisted vine
I stretch my limbs and quaff my wine.

II.

Donec gratius eram tuus.

Hor. While yet you lived for me alone,
And no rival youth was nigh
To clasp thy fair neck to his own
No king was half so blest as I !

Lyd. Before you felt another flame
And tales of love to Chloe told,
Nobler far was Lydia's name
Than Roman Ilia's of old !

Hor. In Thressan Chloe's power I lie;
 Her's is the lyre and gush of song:
 For her I would not fear to die
 If 'twould my Chloe's life prolong.

Lyd. For Calais now my bosom burns,
 And if the Fates would spare the boy,
 Whose heart the mutual flame returns,
 Twice would I give my life with joy.

Hor. What if reviving love should see
 Our hearts their broken yoke renew,
 What, if from fair haïd Chloe free
 Again I ope my doors to you ?

Lyd. Tho' he is brighter than a star,
 Thou, stormier than the stormy sea,
 Buttle as cork, and lighter far,
 Glad would I live and die with Thee !

III

O ! Tons Bandusia! splendidior vitro.

Clearer than glass, Bandusian spring !
 Worthy of flowers and streams of wine !
 To-morrow a votive kid shall bring
 Whose horns the bursting brows confine !

His first ! but sprung from a wanton fold
 He pants for battle and loves in vain ;
 He dies for Thee ; and thy waters cold
 To-morrow his ruby blood shall stain.

The raging dogstar spares thy stream
 Where a pleasing chill ever is nigh,
 When the yoke is off for the weary team
 Of oxen, and flocks that wander by.

What fount than thee shall be better known
 If I those hollow rocks but sing .
 With many an ilex over-grown,
 From whence thy babbling waters spring !

IV.

O ! Venus, regina Cnidi, Paphique

Cnidos and Paphos, Venus, own thy power.
 But the lov'd shores of thine own Cyprus spurning,
 Hasten, oh ! hasten to the welcome bower
 Where Glycera calls thee, heaps of incense burning.

The fairest nymphs in troops around thee bringing
 And Maia's son, and fervid Love about thee :
 The Graces too, aside their girdles flinging,
 And goddess Youth, who cannot charm without thee !

V.

Quis multa gracilis te puer, in rosa

What slender youth whose forehead flows
With liquid scents, where many a rose

Above the pleasing grot is twin'd,
Presses his suit with urgent pray'.

Pyrha, for thee ; for whom you bind
In simple elegance your yellow hair ?

Alas ! how oft your broken vow
And gods who smile no longer now
Shall he hereafter learn to weep,
And as the black clouds take their flight
Across the black and angry deep,
Be lost in wonder at the unwonted sight !

Tho' now perchance all golden seems
That passion which he fondly deems
For him alone will changeless burn,
Unconscious that the breeze which sighs
Propitious now, will shortly turn
Its fickle current to far distant skies.

How doubly wretched is their lot
Who see thee smile, and know thee not !
The votive tablet on the sacred wall
Shows what a near escap'e was mine
For wet with brine and dripping all,
My weeds are hung upon the sea-god's shrine.

REVENGE.

Come, Poverty, thou bane
Of others, whom men shrinking shun from far
Come, with thy staff, a prison's rusty bar,
Thy girdle, clanking chain !

Gaunt Spectre, come to me—
My mind is steel'd against all human woes ;
I hate mankind, and loving all their foes
Will hug Thee merrily !

Though all thy ragged crew
Press boldly on at once, tainting the air,
The Beggar Want—the Giant shade, Despair—
And Famine, pinch'd and blue—

Cold, with his ice-bound pace—
Dastard Complaint—the cripple, slow ~~P.~~ Disease,
Assassin Hate,—come Thou with all of these,
I will not turn my face.

Nay, an Thou wert from Hell
Girt round with demon forms of endless woe
Burst from the riven gulfs of flame below,
Together we must dwell.

That men, who I sought
Aid, spur'd me forth, though it was ask'd to save
My parent and his children from the grave,
May own I owe them nought.

So when some hunted deer
Whom the fierce hounds and fiercer men pursue
From shift to shift the woods and valleys through
At last with pitious tear,

Faint knees and sobbing breath,
Staggers for shelter to his dappled friends,
Through the mean herd each threat'ning antler bends,
And bids him forth to death !

Yes—let the villains scan
Me, whom they thrust from out their dwellings, curst
With all the pangs of hunger and of thirst,
Now scorn the aid of man.

Let none bestow a crust—
That I may have to say this single arm
Burst unassisted through thy withering charm,
And hurl'd Thee to the dust.

For if from very shame
They tender'd me relief, I'd throw their bread
Unto the starving dogs that share my shed,
Till they forget my name—

And then—I hear Thee scoff—
I will arise, and with an iron hand
Of daring, which e'en Thou cans't not withstand,
Will shake and throw Thee off.

Yes, even so—thy grasp
Is as a child's against man's master mind,
Who, if his spirit quail not, can unbind
At will thy strangling clasp.

So spurning off thy hold—
I will strive on—and I have that within
Which tells me I shall conquer all, to win
Piled heaps of ruddy gold.

Then, riches at my feet,
So that I may look down upon the world,
Its master, with a lip contemptuous curl'd,
My vengeance shall be sweet.

Let me reflect awhile,
How my hard earnings I may best employ—
Shall I lead on to vice the beardless boy
With the paid harlot's smile ?

Shall not my hoards supply
The needy gambler's suicidal hand,
Till hope delayed hath stamp'd the maniac brand
Deep in his frenzied eye ?

Shall my stock feed the poor
With just enough to stay the vital breath,
And thus prolong the agonies of death,
E'en while they bless the cure ?

Shall I unbar the gate,
And bid the harden'd prisoner stalk abroad,
Starving, to snatch the dagger or the sword,
And earn a dreader fate ?

Then with a bolder hand
Shall I not sow dissension hate and death
Among the proud cold-heated lords of earth,
And scatter all their land ?

The spendthrift from my bags
Usurious may forestall and waste his store :
Then scoffing, I will spurn him from my door,
Flaunting his filthy rags !

Shall I grind down the high,
Entangling them in law, until, their wealth
Oozing away un-mark'd in silent stealth,
Low at my feet they lie.

And those who heard me pray
On bended knees in vain—how shall they feel
My pow'r most bitterly—the hired steel
Might carry them away—

That were unsafe ; and worse
Too speedy for the largeness of my hate—
No ; when they cringe before my splendid state,
Contempt shall be their curse.

The crowd shall bow before
Him whose blood curdles at the servile throng,
Who lives but to repay them seven-fold wrong,
Him, whom they spurn'd before.

My chariot wheels shall ride
Over their sycophant necks—my hated smile
Eternal fires upon their hearts shall pile,
And shrivel up their pride.

Avaunt ! Spirit of ill—
Get thee behind me, thou rebellious Power ;
Wrestling, I have prevailed in this dark hour,
And thou art chain'd still.

Now God forbid that I
Who have known wretchedness in every form
Save crime, should loose on earth so wild a storm
Of woe and misery.

Oh ! I remember well,
How when I begged the cold refusal thrown
Unto my prayer, like a vast weight of stone
On my crush'd bosom fell,

And could I who have tried
That inexpressible pain, list to the tale
Of want, and let it pass without avail,
As 'twere the wind that sigh'd.

Oh ! no--my coffers straight
Would open of themselves to give relief
Nor could my lips add to too stunning grief
Refusal's leaden weight.

Then let my vengeance be
To pay back evil with a load of good,
And ever do to others what I would
Others had done to me.

Hither your footsteps bend,
Widows and orphans, wanderers and opprest,
Come ye want-striicken, way-worn, and distrest
Be glad—I am your friend

LITLL STANMORE, November 19, 1840.

LILLIAS.

PART I.

Be this remembered with thy first grey hair.

Callimachus. Ep. 3.

Come, Lilias to this sunny bank
To hear a moralizing strain ;
Perchance hereafter you will thank,
Tho' now I win but your disdain.

2.

I cannot pour the senseless flow
Of trash that ladies love to hear ;
But better prettier things I know,
If I might gain awhile your ear.

3.

Oft have I mark'd you in the dance
When smiles around those lips would rise,
Pleasure suffuse your every glance,
And laughter swim in your bright eyes ;

4.

As some musk'd coxcombs lisping tongue
Hath whisper'd the soft flattering lie,
And you upon his accents hung
In self approving vanity.

5.

And oft when I have sought your hand,
And forc'd politeness bow'd assent,
In hesitation would I stand,
Speak not, or say not what I meant.

6.

But now far from that idle throng
I feel my tongue and spirit free,
And my rapt soul is borne along
On flaming wings of poetry.

7.

Come then ; no musty rules I preach
Drawl'd out by sleek or drivelling sage ;
No thrice-told moral mine : I teach
From nature's ever novel page.

8.

Each insect crawling on the ground,
Each bird that flies on painted wing,
Its mite, by my enchantments bound,
Shall swiftly to the lesson bring.

9.

The breezy wood, the distant chime,
The wandering wether's tinkling bell,
And solitude, and space, and time
Shall help the lovely theme to swell.

10

The herb, the flow'r, the shrub, the tree,
The lonely night, and twilight dim,
Brooks, rivers, and the boundless sea,
All shall prolong the length'ning hymn.

11.

The starry heav'ns expansive dome,
The early morning's freshning air,
Shall point God's universal home,
His present temple every where.

12.

You will not ? Lady, do not spurn
Awhile to hear me draw my rules ;
Nay, haughty girl, then back return
To win the praise of courts and fools.

13.

Awhile the silkin host shall bow
Before that stately step with sighs ;
That swan-like neck, that marble brow,
That snowy hand, those stag-like eyes.

14.

And while these paltry triumphs last
Rivals shall own thee beauty's Queen,
The present shall blot out the past,
And you forget that I have been.

15.

But when those radiant locks are grey,
And you have found too late the truth
That pleasure is but of a day,
And flatterers leave thee with thy youth—

16.

But when thy foot hath fall'n less sure,
Nor hand, nor neck, nor forehead shine
And younger brighter eyes shall lure
The homage that has once been thine—

17.

Or when that fond heart thought to love
Shall feel its yearnings all denied ;
And every wile shall fail to move
Coldness, satiety, or pride—

18.

Or when those feelings that yet sleep,
But must hereafter wake, shall find,
Surprised, no thoughts responsive leap
In your dull partner's stolid mind—

19.

Or, when its mask pull'd off, you see
The hollow pompous joys of rank,
Then shall you sadly think of me,
And call to mind this sunny bank !

20.

Yet God forgive my hasty speeche ;
Lilias, I mean not what I say—
Leave me—and since I may not teach,
For you it shall be mine to pray..

LILLIAS.

PART II.

Ah ! Lillas have you left the court,
Its giddy joys with willing feet,
To grace with your majestic port
The humble poet's lone retreat ?

2.

Could you the 'pride of place' forego,
The winning speech, the gallant mien,
The plumes, and jewel's glittering show,
To live unseeing and unseen ?

3.

And are those raven tresses mine ?
What for such goodness can I give ?
Love equal not surpassing thine,
Yet growing fonder as I live.

4.

To teach the little all I know
Unto our downward journey's end ;
Without a change myself to show
At once the husband, lover, friend,

5.

To pour the swelling verse along,
 Nor value what the world may say,
 If while she listens to my song
 My Lilias but approve the lay.—

6.

To rear the infant in thine arms,
 Sweet child, in goodness as in grace—
 To trace its mother's thousand charms
 Renew'd within its smiling face—

7.

To call for blessings on thine head
 And gain them for its parent's sake ;
 To smooth, if sickness chance, thy bed,
 And every sorrow still partake.

8.

To grant thee all that thou canst ask ;
 Or show thee that the want is vain,
 These henceforth are my daily task,
 This the return I make again.

9.

And as we roam the summer field,
 In mid-day, morn, or evening dew,
 Each herb and bush, and flock shall yield
 A lesson beautiful and new.

* But men and beasts, and all that liv'd or mov'd
 Were books to him—he studied them and lov'd.

10.

And copying thus from nature's book
We shall each fleeting day improve ;
Of others kindly judge ; but look
At home for household joys and love :

11.

Share with the poor that little store
Which God, remember, hath but lent,
Nor vainly sigh, nor wish for more
While our best blessing is content.

12.

Nightly and every morning pray
With humble voice to lenient Heav'n
For all the wants of every day,
And thank for all past blessings given.

13.

Such tones sink deeper down, my fair,
Than all the studied phrase of courts !
Nor may their gaities compare
With our more harmless healthful sports.

14.

For there the round still, still, the same
Circles of changing day to night ;
But here the varying seasons claim
Each its peculiar delight.

15.

In spring we train the early flowers,
And dance beneath the may-pole tree ;
In summer sit in leafy bowers
While the air stirs them lazily.

16.

In autumn pluck the juicy fruit
From branches bending to the ground,
In Winter pile the blazing root
And bid the wine and tale go round.

17.

The tale of love or warlike deeds ;
Or list while from his fire-side nook
Our guest, the village pastor, reads
Aloud the entertaining book.

18.

And all the year and every day
Our frugal habi's well can lend
Help to the wanderer on his way,
Or hearty welcome to a friend.

19.

'Tis thus, my Lilias, we will track,
Hand link'd in hand, life's path-way o'er :
Nor feel one pang in looking back,
Nor fear the shadowy land before !

20.

And if affections honest glow,
Surviving raptures' fiery heat,
Its mild and cheerful warmth can throw
Upon her humble, chosen seat,

21.

When Time has silver'd o'er her hair,
Tho' courts she may not all forget,
My Lilies smiling shall declare
The change has cost no regret.

LITTLE STANMORE, Nov. 18, 1840.

*LINES WRITTEN IN A BOOK OF SKETCHES
MADE IN SCOTLAND.*

Forsitan hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Hereafter, if perchance we gaze
Upon the pictures drawn to day,
When time hath thrown a filmy haze
O'er all the scenes long past away,
As memory's sun-like beams are shot
Athwart, the mists dispers'd shall fly;
And every half-forgotten spot
Resume its own peculiar dye:
The heather purple o'er the hills,
The woods in summer foliage shake,
With silver gleam the mountain rills,
The skies lie mirror'd in the lake.
And as the kindling landscape glows
Ideal, lo ! we feel renew'd
Each thought that to our bosom rose
When first the real scene we view'd.
For like those magic lines that start
To light when held beside the flame,
Thought which hath long slept in the heart
Wakes at a sight, a sound, a name.

Time, as it were, delays awhile
His flight, while thus we view the past,
Like travellers turning with a smile
To trace the road behind them cast.
But seldom are these moments given,
When life's worn pilgrims halting stay;
Perchance they come direct from heav'n,—
Then let us rest ~~as~~[“] while we may.

LITTLE STANMORE, Nov. 18, 1840.

A D R E A M.

How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears
To learn the colour of my after years.

Pleasures of Mem;

Stranger ! if ever leaving the high halls
 Of revelry and light,
Your heel hath turn'd upon their walls
 Into the cold clear night ;
And you have mark'd the ready chariots stand,
 To carry home wealth's favour'd band,
 A motley pamper'd crew—
Richer in dross, not lofty thoughts than you,
 With somewhat of a covetous sigh
 The while you pass'd them by ;
Then homeward in the keen night air
You started at your own steps lonely ringing
In some wide-jaw'd deserted thoroughfare,
 Where in the busy day
 You scarce might jostle through your way,
Now all so still you might have deem'd you sped
 Through some vast city of the dead,
While round the gas its ghastly glare was flinging,
Like those strange cressets found amid the gloom
 Of some old century-buried tomb,

Until upon the dirty public stair
Scarce lighted by the dull lamp's flickering flare,
Disgusted and with toil
You trimm'd the wick, and stirr'd the sluggish oil,
To kindle your own taper's feeble ray,
Guiding your cautious way
(First having closed and lock'd your massy door)
Across your attic chamber's creaking floor,
Feeling that if struck down by sudden pain,
Your call must be in vain,
Where none but drowsy watchmen hourly creep,
Mechanically waking from their sleep—
If as you cast around your cheerless looks
On musty papers and time-canker'd books,
You felt the weariness of life
Hang heavy on your heart,
And a rising sense of hate or strife
Against your fellows or their wealtheir part ;
And a wish half form'd, half breath'd to see
Into the fair Futurity,
And what your own hereafter lot might be—
If through your breast such thoughts as these have gone—
Stranger ! read on !

One night with bitterness like this repining,
In vain my limbs I toss'd and turn'd,
Upon my lowly couch reclining,
For all my wooing gentle slumber spurn'd ;

Till when I gave my supplications o'er
Sleep's shadows on my heavy eye-lids fell,
When this wild vision in my dreams I saw,
Which, tho' my words are poor, I tell.

Methought I stood upon a desert strand,
Not knowing but that wild beasts lay
Crouch'd in the depths of that drear land,
Or men more savage far than they.
Want would not let my feet stand still ;
No herb I spied, no water flow'd ;
So up a steep and rocky hill
I took my solitary road.
Brambles and briars tore my feet,
Nor could I spy the path beyond ;
Nor was therec resting place nor seat,
Which caused my fainting heart despond :
And oft I wish'd the road was straight,
That I might see my onward fate.
But though I travell'd slowly,
Alluring beauties by the road-side grew
Where fairy flowers blush'd lowly,
Of every tempt'ng form and hue,
With tints of sunbeams and of rain-bows shaded,
But when I pluck'd them, lo ! they droop'd and faded.

So fill'd with onward thoughts my mind,
I scarce had time to look behind,

Where dimness floated o'er the lower hill,
And the far strand beyond was scarcely visible :

But dotted o'er the scene

With growth of magic green,
Wherc'er peculiar dangers I had brav'd,
Or stoop'd to pick a flower,
Tall wands with budding foliage waved,
Down drooping like a bower,
And the faint haze through which I saw them lent
A shadowy soft embellishment.

'Twas beautiful tho' dim—

Then turning round,
More dread and difficult my path I found,
As in my discontented mind
I curs'd the way and wish'd me blind—
But when I fancied that the onward road
Perchance might grow more pleasant and less steep,
A sudden change around me glow'd,
A stream unseen before beside me flow'd
With crystal waters pure and deep;
The rocks that barr'd my way
Cover'd with verdure lay ;
The briar dropp'd its thorn,
No more my feet were torn,
But roses bloom'd upon the briar's branches,
Which, yielding to my touch, no more I view'd
Perils, misfortunes and mischances,
But with a happy heart my jour pursued :
And the long vista stretch'd before me, beaming
With silvery light lay gleaming —

In new born pleasure lost I stood,
Look'd round and saw all things were fair and good.
But soon my former mood return'd,
And all these beauties wilfully I spurn'd.

Thus went I on my way, till with a sudden shock
I found myself upon a jutting point of rock ;
Another step had plung'd me from the steep
Sheer down a thousand fathoms deep ;
Yet shook I not, for eyes, thought, sense, soul, driven
Across the chasm given
Unto a dread and most mysterious sight were given.

A curtain vast with many a cumbrous fold
Impervious to sights entrance roll'd,
Black as the sooty-pinion'd midnight's birth
Was stretched from heav'n to Earth.
Yet on its shade
A wondrous light there play'd,
Whence cast I might not tell,
For all was dark around my pinnacle.
And gazing o'er the gulf I view'd
A form in that dread solitude
Cring'd at the mighty Curtain's foot,
Clad all in sable weeds,
Its head hid in its bony hands, and mute,
(As tho' it mus'd o'er death or murd'rous deeds)

Like Banshee whose prophetic wailing
Tells that the lamp of life is failing—
Sudden I cried,
With strength I know not whence supplied,
“ Rise, shade, whatever Power Thou art,
“ I conjure Thee arise.”
It heard my call, and with a sudden start
Unfolding in huge size
Its giant shape rose on the dark'ning air,
I recognized the demon-form Despan !

His hollow cheeks worn to the bone,
Covered with parchment skin,
Eyes where Insanity's bright fires shone,
His bony hands and thin,
His tangled elf-locks round his spectral head,
And ready knife, high-brandished,
As if to strike, and end the throes
Of countless woes
Betrayed the monster's name—
His shadowy form of Hell
Full on the folded curtain fell,
And blotted out the luminous ray
Which on it used to play.
Then with ev'ning star's anger's flame,
It stood in hollow tones
Rattling and gibbet-swinging bones.

“ Mortal, who dost rashly dare
 “ To call from out his lair
 “ The fell form of despair,
 “ What wouldest Thou with me ?
“ I am the Power on whom men call,
“ When they would bid ~~you~~ ^{me} veil be rent or fall—
 “ Beware—I say, beware—
“ If thou wouldest bid me draw
 “ The curtain of futurity,
 “ Thenceforth for ever more
 “ Thy life is desolate—
 “ Early and late
 “ We mate ;
“ And fellow-dwellers we must be,
 “ Or I with you, or you with me.”

I spake—“ Altho' my fate
 “ Be black as Hate ;
“ Though an all-withering curse,
 “ Or Death, or worse
“ Should fall on me for what I saw
 “ Dread Power, I bid Thee draw.”
It answer'd—
 “ By what law
 “ Or human or divine,
 “ Or by what charm of thine,
 “ Say, dost Thou bid me hear ?—

“ By what charm ? By many a year
“ Long past without one joy to cheer :
“ By mighty sighs, and every tear
“ That lonely manhood hath been weeping
“ Over its boyhood’s bier,
“ Where all its hopes lie sleeping—
“ By this breast without a fear
“ Of every sorrow form’d to tear it ,
“ Ready to hug and call it dear,
“ And strong, however sharp, to bear it ;

“ By want, and care, and sorrow’s sigh ;
“ By helpless hopeless poverty ;
“ By Debts heavy length’ning chain ;
“ By Hunger, Thirst, Disease and Pain ,
“ By the world’s contempt, and Hate ,
“ By this bosom desolate ,
“ By midnight watchings, purpose crost ;
“ Love unrequited, labour lost ,
“ By vain longings, vigils, pray’r,
“ To lay that curtain’d Future bare,
“ By the heart sick with hopes denied,
“ By Ambition, Courage, Pride,
“ I bid thee pluck the folds aside— [more—
“ These are my charms—and would’st thou
“ In thine own name I bid thee draw—

I said—
The spectre bowed its head,

Signing obedience to my will—
When treble darkness roll'd around the hill ;
Thunders broke forth in majesty,
Incessant lightnings flash'd along the sky—
Low moans,
Deep, suicidal groans,
And mocking gibberings fell upon my ear,
From far and near—
Shrill wails of Penitence too tardy woe,
Wild laughter, scorning,
And piteous sighs, and whisperings of warning,
Rose from the gulf below ;
While all the rocks around
Utter'd a groan-like sound
As if from central Earth
Some prodigy had lept to birth
With painful bound.

Awe-struck, and with amaze
I heard, yet kept my straining gaze
Where with bright-gleaming blade,
The Giant shade
Rear'd his gaunt form
Against the elemental storm,
With bony arm up-listed bare,
Drawn backward thro' the gloomy air,
Force for the fatal blow to gain,
About to cleave the shaking veil in twain—
Another moment and my eye
Had gazed on all Futurity.

When lo ! a purple light
Rose on the flying shades of night :
Iris' tints around were blending,
And from their heavenly home descending,
Ambrosial odours floated by ;
Soft rosy hues flush'd sudden all the sky :
And once again that tremulous ray
Upon the veil was seen to play,
Clear as eternal springs of day,
But that its power fell shining o'er
More fix'd and more continuous than before.
Music sweet, and choral song
Mingling, thcir far off tones prolong,
While fluttering down on snowy wings,
Wet with the dew of mercy's springs
Approach'd an angel form of youth
Beauty and Truth ;
A hood-wink'd hawk perch'd on her finger
Un-setter'd loved to linger—
Conspicuous, even as she flies
For the strange brightness of her radiant eyes ;
Wide round her feet, her ample garments flow,
And silver sandals gleam with light below.

Whom seeing, fell despair
Shrouded his visage in his tangled hair,
And turn'd aside his head
As if in dread—

(Not dread—the Giant knows no fear)
Soon, feeling her bright presence near
With trembling limbs he shook,
Quailing, although he saw it not, beneath her look .
And all insensibly he melted into air :
While I,
As she drew nigh
Felt my heart throb with joy
Such as I knew long since, when I was yet a boy !

The form stood by my side,
And spake me with a smile
That play'd around her lips the while,
At first in broken tones
Like a brook straggling over rocks and stones,
Then from her rounded mouth they seem'd to glide
Forth like a stately river's tide.

“ Friend—for henceforth I am your friend,
“ With list'ning ears attend—
“ But now, when you were tottering o'er the abyss
“ Whence no returning is,
“ Pity beheld you, heavenly maid,
“ And sent her sister Hope unto your aid—
“ What impious wishes late have clogg'd your breast
“ With thoughts of deep un-rest,
“ And how vain-longing sought to pry
“ Behind the Curtain of futurity

“ Acknowledge and repent—

“ But hither I was sent,

“ To teach and clear all doubt away

“ Ere to my heavenly home I wing my backward way.—

“ The desert strand where first you stood, was Earth

Such as it rises on the Infant's birth—

Helpless, alone, you were plac'd there, nor knew

What dangers next might rise upon your view.

Your onward feet were forc'd to climb the hill,

For life once started never more stands still.

The weary path that you have walk'd to day

With rocks and thorns thick strewn is life's highway

'Tis all up-hill, and dieary seems, I own ;

But pleasure's flowers upon the road are thrown :

True that as soon as pluckt they droop and fade .

But there is one, go seek it in the shade,

Whose scent ne'er fails, whose hues will never die ;

Humble it grows, men call it Piety—

“ Then as you backward cast your pensive gaze

On memory's land, dim with a shadowy haze,

Was there not many a magic land-mark seen

To note the happy spots where you had been ?

“ Say, when you *hop'd*, did not your journey show

Beauties unseen before with sudden glow ?

Did not content steal from each briar its thorn ?

Was not the rose on every bramble borne ?

Did not the rocks of danger quick assume

A green which hid, if not destroy'd, their gloom ?

Did not your hand the facile boughs divide?
And crystal streams run murmuring by your side—
Blest streams! Of all our heavenly rivers first,
For he who drinks their wave no more may thirst.

“ The point where you are standing is a sign
Of the time present—’tis a point—and thine—
The gulf that yawns beneath you shows ’tis vain
That man to reach and draw the veil should strain.
The beam that just gave all the curtain light
Was mine—where’er I am, all things look bright.

“ A bridge, unseen to those like you who strive
Those awfully mysterious folds to rive
With wid’ning span across the chasm there lies;
But plain it shows unto *contented* eyes
The sons of wisdom on this path-way keep—
Fools, missing it, plunge head-long down the steep.
High o’er this arch an ample gate extends,
Which once attained your dubious journey ends.
Here all must enter, and once enter’d, see
With joys or horrors clad Futurity,
According as the travel has been made,
Or as their feet kept straightly on or stray’d.
Then mystery shall all be clear’d and pass
From the dim eyes, as on the mirror’d glass
The picture grows when shrinks the dulling breath—
Mortal, that door leads through the gate of Death.

“ To man are given the present and the past :
The first to improve, and to console, the last,

Surely 'tis fixed then by a just decree
 One should be God's ; that one, Futurity.
 Were all the griefs and trials that are there
 Foreseen, what could await man but despair.
 'Twas heavenly wisdom drew the impervious screen
 The present and the future times between—
 That 'twas plac'd there for *some* good rest secure,
 Tho' of the reason you may not be sure.
 What God hath not thought proper to reveal
 Let not man think it better to unseal.

" But lest the anxious useless wish to know
 What shall be, should give ~~both~~^{on} to ceaseless woe,
 And of improvement circumscribe the scope,
 God gave white wings and radiant eyes to Hope
 That man first loving and then copying me,
 However dark his present lot may be,
 May brightly learn to look upon futurity
 Farewell"—

Her pinnions open'd as she spoke,
 And as she soar'd back Heavenward I awoke.

Since then with cheerful mind I go
 My daily round of labour through ,
 No vain desire or wish I know
 The future, ere it comes, to view.
 I catch the present as it flies,
 That no tears for past time may rise,
 Nor future unprepared surprise.

Pleasures that chance I take for gain,
And hope for better times in pain—
No restless doubts my bosom shake,
No longings keep my eyes awake,
Sure that a bounteous power on high
The morrow's wants will still supply.
In thankful pray'r I raise my breath
In life, and calmly look for death.
I know the future then shall be
No longer a seal'd book to me.
Each passing day but serves to show
“ Man wants but little here below”
Nor do I envy when his state
I hear my wealthy friend relate :
Contented with my honest gains
I envy not his wide domains ;
And when extinguishing my light
Can kindly wish the world good night.

LITTLE STANMORE, *October 29, 1840.*

EVENING THOUGHTS.

Proud denizens of cities—ye who waste
In song and dance, and prodigal excess,
In sensualities of touch and taste,
Time, which was given or to curse or bless
According to its use or uselessness—
Come forth—come from your splendid haunts to scan
Country in all the freshness of its dress
Spring-clad with verdure o'er, and if ye can
Compare these living works of God with those of man.

II.

Come forth to wander when grey Eve hath hush'd
In rest the humming labours of the bee ;
Leave noise and glare to fan your cheeks yet flush'd
By the hot breath of streets—but not with me—
No ; fashion's tones and wild frivolity
Ever be banish'd in that hour more meet
For meditative thought, when Fancy free,
All the gross labours of the day complete, [feet.
Throughout creation's bounds roams with untrammell'd

III.

Pale artizans, whose cheerless life is spent
In ill paid drudgery, while an early tomb
Yawns to receive you ; late and early bent,
Plying the unwearied shuttle, o'er the loom,
Quit your half-woven task, the stifling room,

To see what tints the web of nature paint—
Come forth ye poor--but not with me, for gloom
Nor care must these my favourite moments taint ;
No season this for grief or querulous complaint.

IV.

And ye, wan students, who with ceaseless toil
Perplex'd, mark not the days too rapid flight,
Ye, whose lone lamp fed with continuous oil
Glimmering from some tall tower but palely bright,
Rivals the star's unwearyed watch of night,
Leave your high aspirations, mystic dreams,
And give one hour, the last of fading light,
To search for health by waving woods and streams,
And for awhile forget imaginative themes.

V.

But not with me--though sweet 'tis to explore
All the calm halls Philosophy has rear'd—
To view euraptur'd from our safer shore
The star-lit seas where Plato's spirit steer'd,
Some Power, it may be custom, hath endear'd
Spring evening to me by the gentlest ties,
When with half-vacant mind, of labour clear'd,
I roam, and my rapt sense to Nature flies,
Mingling with all her hues, her thousand harmonies.

VI.

Simple as various are her charms—the gush
 Thus by some hazel coppice have I heard,
 The last wild warbling of the tuneful thrush
 Who unto evening sings, melodious bird,
 Entranc'd awhile by music's spell, till stirr'd
 By the succeeding silence, or the shades
 Creeping around with stealthy pace to gird
 In dark embrace waters, and slopes and glades,
 Stern wooers, in whose arms each brighter colour fades*

VII.

Yet ere dim night hath clasp'd the hills and floods,
 'Tis sweet to listen to the sounds which fill
 The air, though in the depth of silent woods
 The measur'd stroke of the lone woodman's bill,
 In meads, the shout of childish sport is still;
 The pent-up stream compell'd from earliest morn
 With struggling wave to turn the clacking mill,
 Now with free voice between its banks is borne;
 The partridge calls his mate from out the tender corn;

VIII.

The rooks black squadron in their lofty course
 Careful to gain their trees ere close of day,
 Call to their stragglers with a summons hoarse
 Yet solemn to close up their long array—

* Nox ruit, et fusis tellurem amplectitur alis.

Virg.

The churming beetle drones his hollow bray ;
The shrill-toned plover startled from her rest
Wheels, shrieking, her eccentric flight away,
 The pious fraud of her maternal breast
To lure intruding feet far from her lowly nest.

IX.

These sounds are not of merriment, 'tis true,
Nor when the day hath faded in the West,
Gilt in the pomp of its empurpled hue,
Have the gray tints of sombre Evening's vest
A charm for every eye or every breast :
But it *does* seem as if some Power above
Had formed this hour express for thought and rest,
And shaken, hovering o'er it like a dove,
Forth from His wings the attributes of Peace and Love.

X.

And these descending on all things around
Have in their essence sunk so wondrous deep
That choral birds, fresh herbs, and senseless ground,
The phantom shadows that above it sweep,
Clouds, skies, and all the copious dews they weep,
Woods in their stillness, waters in their flow
And silence wooing not yet winning sleep,
The mystic influence of their presence show—
'Tis therefore simple hearts ever love evening so.

XI.

Therefore these plaintive notes refresh the mind
By too long converse or deep study worn ;
Therefore, our weak and wearied bodies find
This tranquil light of fiercer splendour shorn
Sooth after mid-day glare and gaudy morn :
When the glad spirit from its toil or care
(With pleasure satiate or by passion torn)
Glides ; and the calm alike of earth and air
Steals through the inmost sense, and melts the soul to
prayer.

LITTLE STANMORE, *May 21, 1840*

"LAND OF THE SUN."

Me juvat hesternis positum languere corollis.

Propert:

Land of the Sun, the flowers are bright
That gem the forest glades,
As tho' they caught each ray of light
That falls through those deep shades.

But yet their bells of beauty throw
No perfume on the air,
Albeit with rain-bow dyes they glow
No fragrance lingereth there.

And gorgeous are the birds that shoot
Along thy sunny sky ;
But harsh their voices are or mute,
They know no melody.

Small solace thus the traveller finds
In thy bright birds or buds,
But dazzled, disappointed, winds
Through silent scentless woods.

O'er what he left, he fondly dwells,
Ere he had learnt to roam :
The sober plumes, the modest bells,
The birds and flowers of home.

'Tis then his memory better loves
Than this gay tuneless throng
The dusky forms that fill'd the groves
From morn to night with song—

The tufts that half conceal'd among
The hedge-rows, on their stalks
Dew-bent, delicious odour flung
On all his daily walks.

And thus perchance he may compare
The present with the past,
In this find more of pomp and glare,
In that of joys that last.

For though the world may deem his lot
More brilliant than before,
He knows and sighs that it hath not
The sweets and tones of yore.

Sweets—when in fresh youths fragrant prime
Life wore a flowery dress :
Tones—when each well-loved voice would chime
Only with kindness.

*THE SEVENTH DAY OF APRIL, JELLALAH.
B.I.D.*

[On the 6th of April, news reached thearrison of Jellalabid that General Porrogi had been repulsed in the Khyber Pass, and thus their leader of chief had told them. All but Khan to promote the deception fired salutes in honour of the victory. I doubt with the full expectation that the Garrison will surrender. Under these circumstances the troops did not rally forth on the frontier, and it may be die hard Sikhs with their chariots on their back. The result is well known. It seems to me so singularly providential in the direction, something even stated in the simple belief that in which our older brother's would have lived to Ghoramur]

Hark ! 'twas a shout, a merry shout, a shout of joy and boast

Whose echoes went from tent to tent through all the invading host

Till it reach'd our furthest sentinel upon his lonely post
And a martial clang of bugles rang, and of trumpets lifted high :

And a gleam of banners waving their scutful blazonry,
And a flash of quick artillery burstadden on the eye
Where the distant cannon boom'd with a voice of victory.

Then we heard a fatal word that the succour which was near

Had fail'd to scale the mountain-pass that flown'd upon our rear :

Our warrior brethren conquer'd, bow'd in dust the sword and spear,—

Eye peer'd in eye a moment in doubt but not in fear—
'Twas *only* for a moment ; for the next right high and
clear

Our gallant band replied with one universal cheer.

Up rose our brave old General like the Spartan king at
bay

Who filled the gap at Thermæ, till the fourth bloody day.
He called his Chieftains round him in terrible array :

Then he spake the words of wisdom with a bearing bold
and gay,

And ask'd his leaders counsel, and not a voice said nay.

" Friends, who have fought with, follow'd me, the hour
has struck at last

" To consummate in vengeance the glories of the past :

" The aid we long have look'd for in death lies drooping
low—

" But little does he know us, our false and felon foe,

" If like sheep unto the slaughter he thinks that we will
go !

" Should the God of Battles doom us, shall we fall with-
out a blow ?

" I look around on flashing eyes that proudly answer—No.

* " Who is there now remembers not, when the ramparts
we had made

" By the shock of heaving Earth were all in ruin laid,

* Scarcely were the fortifications complete, when they were almost
entirely destroyed by an Earthquake,

" Like the fall of the wall when the Jewish trumpet blew,
 " How we labour'd night and day till they rose in
 strength anew ?
 " Is there onc here who forgets how we forc'd the foe to
 fly
 " On the march and in the sally with our cheering battle
 cry ?
 " Let our end then like our other deeds be one of chival-
 ry—
 " This night to feast be dedicate, and to brimming wine-
 cups high—
 " To-morrow, in their ranks we plunge, and in the battle
 die."

That night all was light in our tents, the wine flow'd
 bright,
 A smile was on each lip, hands pressed each other
 tight ;
 Anon our brows were bent as of men to peril dight,
 And we steel'd our breasts with mutual words against the
 morrow's fight—
 If we thought for a moment on our mothers and our
 home,
 Our green and merry England girt in her belt of foam,
 And her woods and pleasant fields where we never more
 might roam,
 It was not with repining, for we knew that ~~we~~^{if} we must die—
 Britain, if we like Briton's fell, would bless our memory.

Our sleep was calm and deep, such as only infants know,
The light-hearted, and warrior in the presence of the foe,
Till morning brought  into our eyes a fair and goodly
show—

Our columns form'd in many a deep and bayonet brist-
ling row :

Our fiery horsemen mounted, their banners waving free,
Our guns all ready harness'd for the last day we might
see ;

And gaily thus caparison'd, in orderly array
We open'd wide our portals, and took our fated way,
As tho' we were apparelld for some high and festive day.

Two boys of gallant bearing, 'een with the foremost man
Led on our clouds of slumberers, to perish in the van.
But in vain did he ram, the blood-stain'd Akhabat Khan,
His iron storm upon us, for the welcome signal ran
From rank w^t to rank like a flash of light it pass'd
Through the host from post to post, and our bagles blew
a blast,

That was answer'd far and near by a hearty British cheer—
It struck the foeman's heart with a chill of sudden fear;
Then we brought our bayonets down, and we rush'd
across the plain,

Like to a mountain-torrent o'er-swel'n with winter rain :
All hope to check the course of our mighty force is vain .
Our path is mark'd with ruin, the dying and the slain—
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! the empty camp we gain.

Now charge, ye gallant horsemen, charge on the flying
mass—

Charge for your fellows murder'd in many a treach'rous
pass—

Charge for the widow and the wife, the captive and the
dead—

Charge, charge ye for the memory of those who foully
bled—

Let vengeance nerve each arm, strike home the willing
blow—

Know ye this day no pity, mercy nor quarter show—

Pour in your shot, ye gunners—behold the long lost train
Won by the prowess of our arms once more is our's again :
Oh ! little did the Afghan when these guns away he bore
Think that their vengeful fronts so very soon would pour
Forth on his own hot fugitive the bellowings of war !
Beheld our tents and bairns by the fierce barbarian left,
Trinkets and many a token from our slaughter'd com-
rades left

Well done thou noble river, thou hast swept above the
few

Whom neither shot nor cavalry nor bayonets overthrew.

Now shout we all for victory, for we this day are free ;
Now bow we all the head and bend we all the knee :
For the praise, thou God of Battles, is only due to Thee.

Thou hast o'erthrown their horsemen, thou of the mighty arm,

Thou, Lord of Hosts, hast sav'd us from the peril and the harm :

The good cause and the right has triumph'd in thy sight ;
Like chaff before the wind Thou hast put the foe to flight :
And those who fell among us Thy mercy sure will save—
Why should we mourn for Dennie, true-heart and soldier brave—

Honour be to his pall, he fills a Soldier's grave !

MOWERAY GARDENS, *August 28, 1842.*

*ON SOME TEETH EXTRACTED FROM A
SKULL PLOUGH'D-UP AT WATERLOO.*

So Time, old ‘*Edax rerum*’ has munch’d up
A quarter of a century since last
You bony gentlemen sate down to sup,
Or in a deuced hurry broke your fast :
But since, good teeth, you’ve got a new proprietor,
By turning up again to open air,
In times than when you left, by gum, much quieter—
Reclaim’d, though not divided by the *share*,
Well labell’d and all that I’ll have you *set*
(That’s the ‘*vox propria*’) in my cabinet.

II.

It’s no use asking since you cannot answer,
But tell me, who the devil was your master ?
Heavy or light Dragoon, Hussar or Lancer ?
Or did he foot it ? By what fell disaster,
What very painful process did he fall ;
At the commencement or the close of day ?
By pike or sabre cut or musket ball ?
Did grape or round shot carry him away ?
Did he die easily—or for a flagon he
Calling and cursing pass’d perchance in agony ?

III.

Tune up, you grinding organs, tell me truly
 Where you then chattering or was his tongue ?
 Was he an old hand, or recruited newly ?
 Was he an officer, and was he young ?
 Brave or a coward, married-man or single ?
 Was his hair black and straight, or red and wirish ?
 Among the Brussels waltzers did he mingle ?
 Was he an Englishman, or Scotch, or Irish ?
 And answer—but you can’t—one other question—
 Had he—I’m sure he had—a good digestion ?

IV.

You still are strong and firm in every part, right [clear,
 Through and through, flawless, double, white and
 If you had fallen to our great Mr Cartwright
 You’d set the fish on the high from *year to year*.
 Fancy the Town’s in until you escape with wonder,
 And many a fishername bitter bit
 And Mrs. Muller’s doctor—his own name under,
 And in a bold hand four’d over it
 In letters gilt, or painted red or blue,
 ‘The real original from Waterloo.’

Joking apart, you ought to be most glad—
 In life your job was simply mastication,
 The pleasure of your work your master had,
 You had not one iota of sensation

Whatever is right—and thus 'tis well
You're laid up hero-like by me in laund—
If your first owner rising where he fell [quarrel;
Should clum you with his jaw, you know you'd
At least I'm sure if he were left alone with you
He'd not be long before he'd 'pick a bone' with you.

VI.

You never 'fell out' in life, nor were you beaten
I ho' like I wt you were the 'bone of his bone'—
Campionning h' v. v. t. nor, v. v. beaten
At O'the , Bidv's, Ken' v. L'son ?
But come, atto—n in free com'—cause you perish'd,
J. d. s. com'ere it we must live you by —
We I put a soft of lock—w on you, cherish'd
Mem'ries of death and victory
And a memento I shall ever own I
Possess in you or Waterloo and—Domy !

Boulogne, October 27, 1834.

*AN INVITATION TO F. P. TO RENEW AN
EVENING WALK IN THE WOODS OF
ABOYNE.*

Come forth, and let us through our hearts receive
The joy of verdure

Hemans.

Oft-times there
Hath lone devotion found a place of pray'r
A native temple solemn, bush'd and dim
For where soe'er you murmur, tremours thrill
The woody twilight; there man's heart hath still
Confess'd a spirit's birth, and heard a ceaseless hymn.

How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems.

If ever my friend, you lov'd
To sit within some vast cathedral door,
When on the transept's mellow-lighted floor
Pale evening shadows mov'd,

Dimm'd by the colour'd pane ;
While children's choral voices swept along,
Some one superlatively clear, in song,
A holy, seraph strain,

Such as the white-rob'd race
Of angels raise eternal in the sky,
So mystically sweet the harmony,
Filling the holy place

With sweetness such as brought
Sighs, tears, and trembling ; when the heart hath flown
On wings of music to its Maker's throne,
Free'd from all grosser thought--

If ever thus, my friend,
In earlier days you lov'd to hear and bow,
Unto this wild but natural temple now
With me your footsteps bend.

For here the stately pines
Shoot up their taper shafts in pillai'd rows ;
Here with them many a silver birch-tree grows,
And, mutual, intertwines

Her boughs high over head
With feathery branches of the graceful larch ;
Mingling the fretted roof, in pendant arch
Their giant grounds are spread.

Mark their fantastic rise !
From gnail-ed points and twisted knots they spring,
Like heads, and snakes, and flow'rs, and monstrous thing
Of quaint or mad device.

Care'd in the sun mer prime
 Long since, they are not of the arts of Earth,
 But unto Nature's workin' n o w e then birth,
 The cunning craft man, Time.

Here too deep shadow steeps
 The mossy floor yet by the sky stain'd bright
 With many a little patch of sunny light
 Where through the trees it peeps

But bush 't thee cones aye and —
 The wind the sullen wind — now sets its sigh,
 Like to a wandering minstrel, mournfully
 In dunes 't bathes a land

I — ne — 't ere the sense
 Marks how it's still y whispering ent'f'ld
 Fittful it — se with a g'le swell
 We know not where or whence

Through the whole quivering green
 In a wild sooth of incendiuous means,
 Like, on a summer day, the wind-harp's tones,
 With many a pause between,

Among the leaves it steals—
 Now 'tis borne onward like the rush of wings.
 Continuous next its anthem music rings
 With fullest organ peals. .

Now while its murmurs sink,
In this pure fane of the all-present God,
Unmade by human hands, our seat the sod,
Here let us rest and *think*.

Perchance some Christian sire,
(When by the Roman Emp'rors heathen wrath
Our simple forefathers were drivens forth
With persecutious' fire,

To worship in the wood
Him who had borne for them as they should bear)
While in deep solitude and wrapt in pray'r
With up-turn'd eyes he stood,

Was on the sudden taught
From vista'd ranks of lofty-column'd trees
And their join'd branches bending o'er to seize
That vast ideal thought,

— A thought too vast for man—
Which rais'd the light shaft in the Gothic pile,
Vaulted the roof, drew out the length'ning aisle,
And gave the arch its span.

Doubtless it must be so :
For sure that solemn grandeur which we feel
In our old churches, forcing us to kneel,
Not *first* to man we owe :

But to some higher Pow'r
Which may have prompted their majestic form
To recompense, even here, the long-past storm,
Or *mark* the trials' hour.

Now up ; and side by side,
Ere dusky twilight's dubious gleam departs,
Onward once more : and with our eyes and hearts
Unseal'd and sanctified,

It will be ours to trace
A thousand beauties mid the countless trees
Which vacant shepherd passing never sees,
Nor hunter in his chase.

For us each mossy stone
Each grassy tuft, each spring and bubbling well
Shall have its charms, each rocky glen and dell,
Each blue-eyed flow'r scarce blown.

Ours is no *cruel* gaze
Cast on the scudding hare or timorous roe
While pausing long its cautious footsteps go
Where the cool water strays :

But as our leisure stroll
Mounting or falling through the shivering fern
Startles the browsing herds at every turn,
Around each heathery knoll,

We will survey with joy
The harmless creatures that were form'd to share
With us the blessings of the light and air—
Let those who will, destroy !

Peeps of the distant hills
Whose dim blue tops the far horizon meet
At intervals we gain - close at our feet
Straggle the twinkling rills.

What tones too fill the sky—
Home to its nest the rook returning late,
The turtle hoarsely calling to his mate,
The heron's screaming cry :

The forest songster, thrush ;
The chirping wood-cock in his steady flight,
The cuckoo's double shout, the bird of night
Pouring her tuneful gush.

Yet save these varied notes,
Themselves inspiring peace, all things are bound
In wonderful repose : our path around
What magic stillness floats :

Awak'ning in the breast
Thankfulness, hope, faith in the Power above,
Sweet contemplation and her sister, love,
And holiness and rest !

Then as we homeward stray
Lit by the earliest star's uncertain beam,
Along the damp bank of the shallow stream
Winding our dewy way.

Just where it skirts the wood,
Of dear one's distant far our pleasant talk,
Our hearts shall tell us that our forest walk
Is redolent of good.

ABOYNE CASTLE, *June 1, 1841*

AFTER A RE-PERUSAL OF "THE EXCURSION"

True bird and holy ! Thou art even as one
Who by son & see'st gift of soul or eye
In every stick beneath the sunnier sun
Sees where the wells of living waters lie
Unseen awhile they sleep till touch'd by thee,
Bright & awful waves flow forth to each wild wind'ier free.

Hemans.

Here is to their foundry other thus
Keep an , in their golden arms draw light

Merton.

Time is a man to read among the hills,
The old and full of voices

Hemans.

Great Chronicler of Nature, real Baird
Who from the noble structure of thy verse
This Age's tawdry staccato dost discard,
Sav when most simple tale Thou dost re-hearse
In strains severe, yet elegantly terse,
Thou dost enchant our age, allure our youth
Winning them to the better from the worse,
Though rugged oft, sometimes almost uncouth ?
'Tis that Thou never swerv'st from the broad path of
[Truth.

II.

For not as others hast Thou lov'd to raise
 A specious fabric built as 'twere to mock
 With hollow pillars our ephemeral praise
 Of gloss and decoration—at Time's shock
 Crumbling to their first worthlessness—the rock
 Is thy foundation—in thy work we see
 Solid, yet ~~firmly~~ wrought, column and block,
 With beauteous veins, a *temple rais'd to be
 Solemn and vast, for Truths' eternal Dcity.

III.

Thine is that pensive spirit which can look
 Deep through the meaning of each fount and spring ;
 “ Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
 “ Sermons in stones, and good in every thing”—
 Where'er thy wand'ring fancy please to sing,
 On the bare mountain-top, in deep recess
 Of shelter'd copse, or by the murmuring
 Of unfrequented streamlet. Thou dost dress
 Each loneliest spot in hues of peaceful loveliness.

IV.

Morning and dewy Eve, Noonday, and Night,
 Attend obedient spirits at thy call—
 Thou rob'st the Earth in darkness or in light,
 Bid'st thunders peal, sun shine, and showers fall,

* In the preface to the excursion Wordsworth compares his great work to a Gothic Church, and his minor poems to its little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, none without its purpose.

Charming the list'ning sense—but most of all
 We prize thee that tree, leaf, and weed, and flow'r,
 Rock, river, roofless cottage, ivied wall,
 Waste moor, the frozen lake, and summer bower,
 Things senseless, thou mak'st speak with a sweet voice
 [of power.

V.

In hazel-darken'd nooks, on starlit banks
 Deep commune thou hast held with the Sublime,
 Until that shadowy Genius pour'd the ranks
 Of all created things, their order, time,
 Aim, scope, proportion, fitness, on thy thyme.
 On the bleak points of solitary hills,
 Where from thy boyhood thou hast lov'd to climb,
Him Nature show'd to thee, whose presence fills
 Sun, moon, skies, ocean, earth and many-twinkling rills.

VI.

Nay infinitely more—thy search doth find,
 The subtle springs, seal'd to more vulgar eyes,
 Whence all the secret workings of the mind,
 Man's deathless part, mysterious motions, rise :
 Awak'ning all our kindred sympathies
 With mirth and fear, despondency and grief,
 Calling at pleasure for our smiles or sighs,
 Raising or calming passions, and in chief
 Instilling in our hearts a beautiful belief—

VII.

Belief, sure founded in undying Love—
 Sweet Resignation to the Pow'r on high—
 Faith, with meek eyes fixt steadfastly above—
 Hope, on her white wings ever fluttering nigh,—
 Greater than her fair sisters, Charity—
 Peace, and Goodwill to all our fellow men—
 Patience to live, and fearlessness to die—
 These virtues stir our sinful bosoms when
 We dwell upon the magic of thy wond'rous pen.

VIII.

"True bard and holy!" No vain system thou
 Dost build of baseless theories to show
 Learning or wit : no bold scoff utter'd now
 Shall rise hereafter to thy shame or woe.
 A wiser wisdom it is thine to know—
 Lit by the word of God, with holy fire
 The Bible-doctrines in thy numbers glow—
 Long through successive years may'st Thou inspire
 Our youth to emulate at once thy precepts and thy lyre.

IX.

Thus, as a single star shoots forth a beam
 Not on the mirror of one only wave
 Reflected, but by many a glass-like stream,
 Thy spirit shall shine forth with light to save
 Thousands from darkness, darkness of the grave.

Then, like myself, who sweep the Nile along,
Oldest of rivers, to its primal source,
Accepting thy pure rays, a countless throng
Shall, tho' with fainter rays, give back thy gift of song.

THE NILE, *January 14, 1842.*

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS.

That wing-ed Songstress, she, the stateliest bird
Who sail'd majestic mid her peers along
The sounding depths of Poesy and Song,
Hath sung her last—her voice no more is heard,
And she is dead.

With heav'n-sent dew her plumage glist'ning o'er
Shone forth resplendent in the beams of morn—
Her arching neck and lofty carriage borne
With nature's pride launch'd proudly from the shore
To stem the stream.

Whilst her eyes gazed upon the clouds that lay
Mirror'd in shadowy semblance on the tide,
Or view'd the banks with various flowers dyed,
Or caught the spirit of the winds at play
With the young leaves,

The flashing waters rippled round her breast
In fiery circles of such magic light
As the lone fisher oft in summer night
Plying his homeward oar, shakes from the crest
Of ocean wave.

Or when the rushing clang of many wings
Soar'd upward thro' the clear expanse of sky,
'Twas her's to lead the van—the first to fly
A guide inspired to the earliest springs
Of holy light.

There drinking from those fountains draughts of Truth,
She warbled to the list'ning crowd below
In hallowed notes, to whose sweet choral flow
Years lent their wisdom, all its freshness youth,
To grace the song.

And as in life with mournful tones she sung,
Wild, simple, dirge-like, sacred, such a strain
As thousand hearts re-echo back again,
So in her death sad melody she flung
On all around.

Her spirit hath gone forth to join the choir
Of everlasting harmony and love,
Soaring far off those starry realms above,
Whence to her somewhat of true heavenly fire
Living was lent.

We mourn Thee, winged Songstress, mourn the dead !
Yet oft imagination loves to dwell
With sister memory on thy notes which fell
Wild music on our ears—*they* have not fled
This earth with thee :

But floating round, like Ariel's songs, they rise.
Leading us on with magic felt not seen
To tempt that airy path where thou hast been,
And by our living win those far off skies
Where thou art now.

LITTLE STANMORE, December 18, 1859.

FAREWELL TO DUNTROOM.

[The legend upon which the story of Duntrroon relates that when the Clan Campbell had seized Duntrroon Castle in the absence of its Lord they put all the inmates with the exception of one old Piper to the sword. This faithful servant contrived to give his master as he was returning home timely warning by playing the air ‘Farewell to Duntrroon’]

Bonny Duntrroon looks o'er the sea,

And island far away,

Stein Jura rising bold and free,

And lonely Colinsay,

O'er Cunnin's mermaid-haunted strand,

And solitary More

On pebbly beach, on silver sand,

And many a rocky shore.

But tearful eyes were bent in vain

O'er creeks and bays and floods,

From Isla northward o'er the main

To Corriwickin's woods,

When Campbell made his eagle stoop

On the defenceless prey

And clutch'd the castle in his swoop—

Why was its Chief away ?

Nothing had Malcolm got to fear
When on his barge he leapt
And for the roe-buck and the deer
To rugged Scarba swept.

Her parting smile his lady gave,
Her children kiss'd the hand
Unto the barque on ocean wave
Fast less'ning from the land.

Nor tears rose to that lady's eye,
Her lord would back be soon
And Malcolm rose and waved on high
His cap to fair Duntroon.

But never more shall kindness wait,
Affection welcome home,
The Chieftain to his castle-gate,
The wand'ri'g from the foam.

His foe had mark'd the sturdy crew
Stretch to their labour'd toil,
And on his hold defenceless flew,
When none was there to foil—

Then streaming eyes gazed out in vain
Those many isles between :
But still along the vacant main
No coming boat was seen.

Too soon the vengeful Campbell's rage
Had gain'd the Castle ward ;
For pray'r or sex, or youth or age,
No pity had the sword.

All in that bitter hour died
The page, the children small :
The Chieftain's young and lovely bride,
The grey-hair'd seneschal.

Soon fork'y flames had wrapt the walls
But that the Campbell thought
By keeping silent in his halls
The Malcolm might be caught

When unsuspecting from the chase
Unarm'd he leapt to land ;
And eager sought his dwelling-place
With his un-ready band.

So ambush'd the marauders lay
And led his Piper forth,
And while they feasted bade him play
(He had escaped their wrath)

His pibrochs rose so shrill and clear
The Campbell spair'd his life,
But lock'd him in the tow'r when near
Drew on the time of strife.

But hush ! they hear the boatmen's song
 Float distant o'er the tide,
As Malcolm's pinnace sweeps along
 By willing rowers plied.

The sea-fire flash'd around in flame,
 The Chieftain's heart was light,
Successful from the chase he came,
 And calm the sea and night.

Soon would his children round him play,
 His lady hear him tell
By the bright heath, how turn'd to bay
 The antler'd monarch fell :

And as his Castle rose to view
 Distinctly thro' the gloom,
He waved on high his bonnet blue
 Deck'd with an eagle's plume.

The rowers chime swells louder now,
 And swifter flies the bark,
While the cleft waves crisp round the prow
 In many a liquid spark.

But ere the beach received the boat
 Lit by the lonely moon,
The pipe shriek'd out its warning note
 'Twas " Farewell to Dunroon."

The boatmen rested on their oars,
The signal sounded shrill,
And as they turn'd them from the shores
Young Malcolm's heart grew chill.

The pibroch's note short-broken ceas'd,
There rose one piercing cry,
A flame burst forth that soon increas'd
And redd'n'd all the sky.

Full many a look kept ling'ring back
In vengeance or despair
While stream'd across their Ocean track
That deep and fitful glare.

In silence o'er the star-lit foam
The barque bore on the clan,
And Malcolm, now without a home,
A wifeless, childless, man.

The Chief of every joy bereft
Took vengeance sure and soon
But ever curs'd the day he left
His bonny home, Duntroon.

A form of speed and shaggy flight
Swept with the fiery cross
Dark gleaming on the startled night
O'er mountain and o'er moss.

The bearded flame from rock to rock
The Malcolm's signal bore;
Each glen pour'd forth for battle shock
Its tartan and claymore.

Full on the Campbell's robber hold
With a resistless flood
The vengeful tide of war was roll'd
On crimson waves of blood.

They met upon a swelling hill—
So fresh the morning air,
So vast the space, so lone and still,
Fit spot it seem'd for pray'r.—

But no respect men's passions feel
For beauty's holiest charms :
So there the shout and clash of steel
Rang in the air of arms

And dearly for their ruthless raid
On Malcolm's helpless wife
The treacherous clan of Campbell paid
Upon that field of strife.

Of all who trod the purple heath
Full of bold life that morn,
Nor chief nor serf was left to sheath
The blade that he had drawn.

The ruin'd tow'rs dismantled stones
Out on the moor-side pour'd
Lay white beside the bleaching bones
Of him who call'd them lord.

And long the heather deep was dyed
With blood's unfading stain,
For Pity sternly turn'd aside
Till all the host was slain.

The childless chief spar'd not his foes
While shrill the mournful tune
That urging on flesh carnage rose,
Was " Farewell to Duntroon."

TO THE MEMORY
*of GEORGE EARDLY BLOIS NORTON, who was drowned
while bathing in the Ganges near
ALLAHABAD, April 19, 1841.
Aged 19.*

Ὥντι θέσι φίλον σιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tan cari captis?

He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter in the parching wind
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Lycidas.

Fare thee well, kind heart,
Follow thy sainted sire;
Early thou dost depart,
God will not much require!
Whom He enough hath tried
His searching Spirit gathers
Unto his holy side
Among the chosen fathers.
The tree brings not forth fruit
If frost the bud hath nip-ped;
The axe laid to thy root
Too soon thy stem lies strip-ped

Deeply, gallant youth,
All who knew thee loved thee ;
The Lord who mark'd thy truth,
Took when he had prov'd thee.
Why for a few brief hours
Would we call thee bitter ?
Ever the fairest flowers
Are the first to wither.
Fare thee well, kind heart,
Follow thy sainted site,
Early thou dost depart,
God will not much require !
Better young to die
Than in age to linger,
The mark for misery,
Or disease's finger.
Tho' all hoped for thee
Many a happy morrow,
Yet *might* Futurity
Have brought thee only sorrow.
When we saw thee last
Short time we thought to sever—
One little year is past,
Thou art gone for ever.
Not by the sword laid low,
First on the field of slaughter,
Thou liest beneath the flow
Of cruel Ganges' water

Fare thee well, kind heart,
 Follow thy sainted sire,
 Early thou dost depart,
 God will not much require !
 When with laugh and talk
 With thee last summer nightly
 We took our evening walk
 Across the meadows lightly,
 Little did we think
 Thy coronal of gladness
 Was so soon to sink
 Sepulchred in sadness.
 When we clasp'd thy hand
 Ere thou went'st to danger
 In the burning land
 Of the dark-brow'd stranger,
 Promises of wealth
 And quick return were spoken.
 And happiness and health—
 Alas ! how are they broken !
 Fare thee well, kind heart,
 Follow thy sainted sire,
 Early thou dost depart,
 God will not much require !
 Many a bitter tear
 Are thy sad sisters weeping
 Over the lonely bier
 Where thou alone art sleeping

Thy friends and mother mourn
With grief too quick for telling
The widow's proud hope torn
From thine orphan dwelling.
Tho' thou wert far away,
Nor we might view nor hear thee,
Sweet fancy every day
Wafted our spirits near thee.
Was't not some dreadful dream
By thoughtless strangers told us
Of that ungentle stream—
Shalt thou no more behold us?
Fare thee well, kind heart,
Follow thy sainted sire,
Early thou dost depart,
God will not much require!

Alas! too true the tale—
Tho' tears and plaintive numbers
And selfish grief must fail
To wake thee from thy slumbers,
Yet he whose voice hath pour'd
For thee this dirge repining,
Shall wrath thy virgin sword
Dark cypress round it twining.
Young soldier, gentle boy,
The love which we have cherish'd
Death never can destroy,
Life alone has perish'd.

Thy soul thro' him who saves
Is given to the sky—
Thy body to the waves—
To us, thy memory.
Fare thee well kind heart,
I follow thy sunted sire,
Early thou dost depart,
God will not much require!

LITTLE STANMORE. Aug. 6, 1841.

HOPE, ERE PASSION TELL THE TALE.

Hope, ere passion tell the tale
Of burning love without avail,
Wears like the rose upon the tree
The blushing bloom of gaiety.

But when the tale is told, and heard
Without one kindly answer'd word,
Hope faded, and its flushes dead,
Is like the same rose wither-ed.

Love hid, is like a pleasant dream
Where phantom shadows real seem :
It fancies what it would have true,
And sees with fond distorted view.

Love told, and bid to love no more
Is like the same dream sudden o'er
Instant the sweet illusions fly
And all the past is vanity.

*FORBID TO HOPE I THOUGHT LIGHT-
HEARTED.*

Forbid to hope I thought light-hearted
I still could leave my native home,
So with a hollow laugh I parted
From friends through distant lands to roam.

Unchang'd my noisiest fellows found me
So well had I concealed my pain—
But now that silent seas surround me
Each effort to conceal is vain.

Oh ! how I curse the foolish pride
That gloried while a name it earn'd
Which, if it drove me from your side—
You do not know the heart you spurn'd.

*I smiled & cried shall I despond
to go where warmer sun beams this
forms as fair, & hearts more fond
& eyes almost as blue as these*

HAD I IN PLAYFUL HOUR.

The lover doom'd
To love when hope hath fail'd him, whom no depth
Of privacy is deep enough to hide
Hath yet his bracelet or his lock of hair
And that is joy to him.

Wordsworth.

Had I in playful hour
Stolen from the girl I love
A pencil or a flower,
A ribband or a glove,
No miser's broken sleep
Should guard his gold from stealth
As that treasure I would keep,
To me a mine of wealth ;
In the country of the stranger
How my bosom it would stir,
In absence or in danger—
But what is that to her ?
And have I not a token
Of her who said me nay ;
Yes, yes, this fond heart broken
Shall remember her for aye.

But surely it were better
To banish my regret :
Yet how can I forget her
Where my heart of hearts is set.
I do not *bid* her hover
In my nightly dreamings nigh :
Nor my waking thoughts discover
Nought but her memory.
I frame no wish, yet never
For an hour is she forgot,
But constant present ever
In wish and dream and thought.
Do I want another token
Of her who said me nay—
No, for this fond heart broken
Shall remember her for aye.

WOULD I HAD TRUSTED HIM WHO SAID.

Would I had trusted him who said
 Vainly to me a headlong lover
That all my joys would instant fade
 If once my love I dared discover.
Gay bubbles blown from foamy froth
 Must burst if they will seek the sky :
On giddy wings the flutt'ring moth
 Will seek the candle, tho' it die.

Oh ! would I might unsay again
 The words that ne'er should have been spoken ;
Through passion I disclosed my pain,
 Through folly has my heart been broken :
Better be sweetly stung to death
 By hopes the honey-bees, than lie
In endless agony beneath
 The scorpion stab of certainty.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD THE HOLLOW SHELL.

Have you not heard the hollow shell
Whose murmur'd tone
Speaks of its native ocean swell,
And that alone ?—
Faithful in spite of time and space
Its murmurs rise,
Regretting still its former place
In plaintive sighs.

Such is my heart which constant thrills
With thoughts of thee :
Thine image and thine only fills
My memory.
Ceaseless it breathes from night to morn
The same, and yet
Sighs for the love from whence 'twas torn
~~W.~~ fond regret.

OH! FOR MY BOYHOOD BACK AGAIN.

Tis γὰρ ἀδονᾶς ὁτερ
Οὐατῶν βίος ποθεινός :

Simonides.

Speak not of the past for its sunny hopes have faded,
Speak not of my youth for its visions are no more ;
Sad thoughts have blighted it, and early griefs have shaded,
Scenes so joyous once, and then sweetness is no more.

Lady Flora Hastings.

How am I punish'd, I the proud,
Who scoff'd when others sadly said
That coming years were like a shroud
Cast o'er youths beauties wither-ed :
Who swore, whate'er I knew of joy
Enough to taste must yet remain,
That pleasures ne'er could fade or cloy—
Oh ! for my boyhood back again—

2.

The ringing laugh, the rush from school—
My host of fellows gay as I—
The stol'n hours by the glassy pool—
The days of reckless levity—

The coy Muse woo'd beneath the trees—
 The free bound o'er the level plain—
 The hill-side clombe with swiftest ease—
 Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

These are as nothing—I am young,
 And skill'd in each more manly game,
 Nor half hei verse my muse hath sung,
 Nor bow'd nor stricken yet my frame.
 But where oh ! tell me where have fled
 The *careless* mind, the *joyous* strain,
 The day-dreams and oblivious bed—
 Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

4.

Hope tripping free on rosy feet—
 Ambition, yet untir'd its wing—
 The truant heart that only beat
 For love's delight, nor knew its sting—
 High aspirations, firm belief
 In friends and honour without stain ;
~~And~~ ⁱⁿ happy ignorance of grief—
 Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

5.

Where is the confidence that all
 Was as it seem'd beneath its dress—
 Nor fear'd that ere the mask might fall,
 Or life should lose its loveliness—

The smiles—and where oh ! where the tears,
A fond heart's fertilizing rain
Shed on the flowers of early years—
Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

6.

How am I punish'd, who enjoy'd
The pain which others said they felt,
The blank, the longing and the void
Where nought but pleasure late had dwelt.
How am I punish'd, I, who laugh'd
And bade the care worn wanderer drain
The goblet that myself had quaff'd—
Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

7.

For this my foolish creed—to find
The present ever flesh and fair,
Regret not what was left behind,
Nor for the future look nor care.
The laugh is hollow—dash'd the cup
With bitter waters—bare the chain
Which garlands only cover'd up—
Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

8.

I feel the change—e'en now I turn—
No longer gay and kind and light,
But cautious, cold, distrustful, stern,
From flesh to stone, from day to night :

Hard fate for one like me whose life
 On roses and on love hath lain
 To struggle with so hard a strife—
 Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

9.

Now that light-heartedness has flown,
 And mirth responds not to my call,
 My former smiles no longer known,
 My very tears forgot to fall,
 Ambition gone, and friends not fast,
 I would, but how can I refrain
 From sighing o'er the happy past—
 Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

10.

Where'er my weary eyes I fling
 Fresh sorrows rise, fresh griefs surround ;
 Joy's broken urn and dried up spring,
 And love of loneliness profound—
 Satiety and discontent—
 Plans thwarted, wishes form'd in vain—
~~Years~~ burnt out—hopes quiver spent—
 Oh ! for my boyhood ~~back~~ again !

11.

All social ties asunder burst—
 All old affections gone to waste—
 Unkindness, and the ceaseless thirst
 For draughts that I may never taste—

No sympathy for deep distress—
A sluggish pulse and reeling brain—
Unnumbered days of listlessness—
Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

12.

Now shall mine emulation rust
Like useless sword within its sheath—
Farewell, high name ; laborious dust :—
The ivy, and the olive wreath—
May she not leave me with the rest,
Though sadly must her voice complain,
The Muse, sweet soother of my breast—
Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

13.

For'd backward on my heart my love
Must find no sweet congenial spot—
So to its ark return'd the dove
When seeking rest she found it not—
My mid-way course is dark'ning o'er
With gloom and solitude and pain—
My God—I dare not look before—
Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

FAREWELL TO THE MUS.

Non hoc in noscimus, ut quondam, scribimus hortis

Ovid.

Farewell, my Muse, for thou hast gently done
Thy spiriting, hast been
To me friend, mistress, queen,
And praises faint and few thy minstrelsy hath won.

Oft on the mossy marge of twinkling brook
Bubbling o'er many a stone,
To other feet unknown,
Embosom'd in deep woods, a lov'd and lonely nook,

While shelter'd by the arms of some huge tree,
And lost in waking dream
On low or lofty theme,
The joys of rural life, or love, or liberty,

Have, ~~the~~ side by side, nor mark'd the hours
From the first waider cry
Rais'd by the lark on high,
Till sultry shepherds hide their flocks in noon-tide bowers;

Thence, till the twilight nymphs with sandals grey
Urging their dewy feet
From earth with still retreat
Print all the steaming meads, a live-long summer-day.

But most thou hast been with me in the night*
 Bidding me rise and sing
 Thy frosty whispering,
 Or sooth'd my restless couch with visions pure and bright.

My fitful Muse, for such in sooth thou art,
 Like a true passage-bird,
 Of song, unseen till heard,
 At thine own seasons rise thy wood-notes, so depart ;

Save when I seldom raise my staff on high
 And with a gentle sway
 Which thou hast lov'd to obey
 Fore'd thee awhile to leave the regions of the sky.

My fitful Muse ! we must no more renew
 The happy moments past :
 They were too sweet to last,
 Thy harp is all unstrung, thy fingers tremble too.

"Tis not that I have left my native land
 O'er watery wastes to roam
 Far from my pleasant home,
 The co-mates of my soul, and fiends, a brother band :

* " νυκτιλαλὸς κιθάρη."

† ροδα μέιρηκας.—Anacreon,
 So the French “ faire des fleurettes.”

For banishment would lose its bitterest sting

Did I but choose to shake

The harp chords, and awake

The echoes of the past on memory's tuneful string.

'Tis not that in the stranger's clime my life

In labour must be spent,

For I must pitch my tent,

Held by the brazen walls that gird in ease and strife—

There, as the imprison'd thrush more blithely trills

His natural melody,

So in my cage could I

Recall the vernal fields, cool streams and breezy hills

But never bird yet diew down from above

The true ethereal fire

To touch his earthly lyre

Unless he was belov'd, or not forbid to love

Therefore we part and sue the time and place

Are for such parting fit

The stars to witness it

Keen ~~sight~~ watch on high in the sky's cloudless face

The Moon looks down into the wave below.

Old Ocean scarcely swells

Above his rocks and shells,

* So calm his giant sleep, so smiling is his flow.

—* ποντιων τὲ κυματῶν
ἀνηριθμόν γέλασμα

Eschylus.

On with majestic march my vessel glides,
While silvery light is pour'd.
Full on each sail and cord,
The tall masts' taper length, and brightly gleaming sides.

'Tis the deep noon of night : the path we came
Far o'er the waters back
Flashes, a fiery track,
A line of waving light, a sheet of foamy flame.

Now from my back I pluck my wizard gown,
And with my broken wand
All mortal reach beyond
"Deeper than ever plummet sounded" plunge them down.

A flashing circle closes o'er the spot
Where they sink down to rest
On couch with sea-weed drest,
Mid shells, or in some coral cave, or pearly grot.

No more ! oh ! never more then, Muse, for me
From thy night slumber start—
Deaf ear and widow'd heart
Are mine ; my wand and gown lie buried in the sea.

RED SEA, 1842.

